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Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1903

THE HOLY NIGHT

From the Painting by Martin Feuerstein

THE MEMORY GUILD

For Learning Best Hymns

BISHOP H. W. WARREN.

THE prayer for divine guidance is based on need and promise. Human vision is limited; light is only partial, part of the time, and eyes not adapted to see its various kinds. All this is complemented by, "I will guide thee with *Mine* eye that seeth all things." Hence the prayer of the hymn. So Christ prayed.

"He knew them all, the doubt, the strife
The faint, perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All darkened round His head."

And the Deliverer knelt to pray.

The author of this hymn was an honest, pure-hearted man. He joined the Roman Catholic Church in 1845 and was made cardinal in 1879.

Lead, Kindly Light

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

— *John Henry Newman* (b. 1801, d. 1890).

The Heresy Case

From the Religious Press.

IT is nothing less than comical to hear that charges of heresy have been brought against Prof. Borden P. Bowne, of the Boston University, who is recognized as one of the ablest teachers of ethics and philosophy in the Methodist or the American Church. — *Independent.*

It is announced that Eaton & Mains have solicited the manuscript of Dr. Borden P. Bowne's new volume on "The Supernatural" for publication. In the East — and particularly in Boston — there is considerable astonishment over the specifications in a general charge of heresy made formally against Professor Bowne by Rev. George A. Cooke, a young preacher holding a subordinate appointment in the New England Conference. It may be that the New York East Conference — of which Professor Bowne is a member — will have to conduct some sort of a trial; but the matter is not regarded seriously in Boston University or by Professor Bowne and his friends. — *Western Christian Advocate.*

From every point of view the charge of heresy against Professor Borden P. Bowne of Boston University — which may be pressed to a trial — is a mistake. Professor Bowne is no radical iconoclast, but a reverent believer in Christianity as a supernatural revelation. His points of difference with some Methodists are palpably within the just limits of denominational dissent. Those who are seeking to draw the doctrinal lines of Methodism so closely as to enforce unanimity of opinion upon matters as to which by the very constitution of the human mind differences are inevitable, are doing the worst service to their denomination. — *Watchman.*

It is about twenty years since American Methodism had a noted heresy trial — that of Dr. Thomas of Chicago. We are now to have another, for which we are sorry. . . . When the case comes to trial, the secular newspapers, as is their custom, may be expected to make great ado about it, but let none of our people be deceived. The accused is a man highly honored for his work's sake, and he will be given a full hearing and a fair handling. Methodism is tolerant of opinion, and it is only when her vital doctrines are imperiled that she is ever led to take notice of personal teachings. It is her duty to see that her teachers and preachers shall be true to their most solemn pledges. Perhaps Prof. Bowne has been. The investigation will determine. Let him not be prejudged. — *Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Professor Borden P. Bowne, of Boston University, is to be tried for heresy. Outside the heresy-hunters Dr. Bowne is recognized as one of the acutest, clearest, and most inspiring of that school of philosophical teachers which has come into existence within, we might say, the last half-century. Probably the real ground of objection to him is that he belongs to this school. . . . The only heresy this school recognizes is want of thought. — *Outlook.*

It is our opinion that it can plainly be shown that Professor Bowne differs in some points from traditional doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church. If the proposed trial is to be a friendly test to show whether an experienced and accredited scholar in that church may lead it in interesting religious truth in accordance with increasing knowledge of the human soul and of Christian experience, or is to be bound to teach only what was believed to be true by Methodists in the lesser light of former ages, then we are glad that the trial is in prospect and shall be confident of the result. — *Congregationalist.*

Professor Bowne, of Boston University, has been summoned to answer to the charge of heresy before an ecclesiastical court of his church by Rev. George A. Cooke, a pastor of West Medford. Mr. Cooke took issue with Professor Bowne some time since in a widely circulated pamphlet, claiming that in his teaching and writing he had used expressions irreconcilable either with the idea of verbal inspiration of the Bible or of "legal substitution" in the Atonement. Professor Bowne is widely regarded as one of the most distinguished metaphysicians in the Methodist communion. The progress of the case will be watched with interest. — *Churchman.*

If there is to be a trial for heresy, if any of our professors are to be dislodged from their chairs, we much prefer that the inquisition should always be made first of all in that court which is always open and the only court provided by our book of Discipline — namely, the Annual Conference of which the party under suspicion is a member in good standing. It is world-wide superior to a Gatling-gun fire in the secular or religious papers; for there, in that free court, the accused can meet his accusers face to face, and he can there show his faith, what it is, and he can there be silenced, or, approved, can have put on him the coveted seal of loyalty to the church belief he champions and explains. It would be well for the peace and for the power of the church as a teacher and pillar of the truth if all accusations took that ever-open court. — *Central Christian Advocate.*

New England Methodism

ATTENTION is often called to the transformation in New England's population whereby the old American of American blood is diminishing and the tides of foreign blood rising. This change makes growth in our church exceedingly difficult. The statistics for the six Conferences in that section show that in 1892 there were 116,783 members, and in 1902, 115,588. In the ten years there was not only no gain, but a loss of 1,195. Four of the Conferences show a decreased membership, and only two of them an increased. In the same period the members in Indiana increased from 115,532 to 131,612, and those of Kansas from 82,710 to 96,765. Some of the cradles of the church are now in fact legitimate fields for missionary effort. — *Michigan Christian Advocate.*

Nineteenth Century Wesley

DR. R. F. HORTON once asked Hugh Price Hughes: "Do you think it possible that such a career as John Wesley's could be lived in the twentieth century?" "It is not only possible, but it is being done," replied Mr. Hughes. "The form is different, but from my knowledge of the church today, the work going on through the mission of Methodism is likely to be as extensive and as permanent as the work of John Wesley." "It suddenly flashed upon me," said Dr. Horton, "that I was in the presence of the man who, under God, had been the John Wesley of the nineteenth century."

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Treasury Report

THE annual report of Secretary of the Treasury Shaw contains no important recommendations on financial questions. A conspicuous point is made of the fact that with the depreciation within a year in the value of securities, more than equivalent to the cost of four years' devastating war, there has yet been very little general hardship. This comfortable condition of things Secretary Shaw says is due to the faith that the American people have in the currency, and the knowledge that there will be no depreciation in any form of it. At the same time criticism is passed on the monetary system, which is inelastic, and it is recommended that this "admitted defect" be remedied without introducing any element that will cause distrust or doubt. The recommendation made last year is repeated to the effect that the bonds proposed for the construction of the Isthmian Canal, under the act of June 28, 1902, be made available as a basis for national bank-note circulation on the same terms as the consols authorized by the act of March 14, 1900. Legislation is urged looking to the reorganization of customs districts and the putting of such districts on a business basis.

Life-Saving Globes

THE life-saving globes invented by Captain Doenvig — which had a preliminary trial some time ago in the English Channel between Dover and the South Foreland, when one of the globes rode the seas like a cork and was remarkably steady — were successfully tried during a storm recently on the dangerous North Jutland coast. After a trial had first been made with a ballasted buoy, Captain Doenvig, with four other persons, entered a buoy which was launched from the cruiser "Haimdale." The globe successfully cleared the breakers and shoals, and drifted safely ashore. The Doenvig globes are made of steel plates and are surrounded by cork fenders. They have flat double bottoms containing tanks that can be filled with fresh water and used as ballast. There are also compartments for stores. One such sphere can comfortably hold sixteen persons.

Extraction of Radium

FEW people are acquainted with the method by which radium is secured in the minute quantities that are as yet available. The process of extraction is commenced by crushing the pitchblende, and then roasting the powder with carbonate of soda. After washing, the residue is treated with dilute sulphuric acid, and then the sulphates are converted into carbonates by boiling with strong carbonate of soda. The residue contains radium sulphate, which is an exceedingly insoluble salt. The soluble sulphates are washed out, and by hydrochloric acid polonium and actinium are extracted. Radium sulphate remains unattacked by the acid, associated by some barium sulphate. The sulphates are ultimately converted into chlorides, until about fifteen pounds of barium and radium chloride are obtained as the result of acting upon one ton of crushed pitchblende. Only a small fraction of this mixed chloride, however, is pure radium chloride, which is finally separated from barium chloride by crystallization — the crystals being selected from the most radioactive of the solutions. The crystals ultimately obtained in this manner are relatively pure radium chloride of a very high degree of radioactivity.

Drunkenness in France

THE fact that a combined meeting of the four chief temperance societies of France, presided over by M. Casimir-Perier, was held recently in Paris, is significant of the growth of temperance sentiment in that country, where the magnitude of the evil of strong drink is becoming apparent to an increasingly large number of thinking Frenchmen. Frenchmen have always prided themselves on their ability to drink with "moderation," but statistics show that the worst forms of inebriety are now prevailing among them to an alarming extent. Absinthe has its votaries or victims in multitudes who throng the boulevards, while cheap brandy, which is nothing else than liquid madness, has made a terrific record for destruction among the laboring classes. French caricature with its deadly wit, which is always a danger-signal, has been busy with the foibles and debauches of the devotees of drink, while the prison authorities have seriously taken up the work of providing lecture courses to convicts on the evil effects of alcohol. The temperance sentiment which is being awakened in France is organizing itself on the broadest lines, Catholic and Protestant clergy, army surgeons and civilian reformers, sharing the burden of the work of investigating the alcohol evil, and uniting their endeavors with a view to presenting an authoritative report which, it is hoped, will furnish the basis for aggressive action in behalf of temperance.

Increase of Drug Habit

THE report made by a committee of the American Pharmaceutical Association, which was appointed to investigate the drug habit, adduces facts which are very startling. The report shows that the opium habit is markedly increasing, and that the majority of the class known as habitual criminals are opium *habitués*. While opium and allied drugs are very guardedly used by Army and Navy medical officers, the drug habit has alarmingly increased in the Army and Navy. Cocaine is a worse evil, the drug being sold undisguisedly in many drug-stores. Nine-tenths of the cocaine *habitués*, it is charged, have acquired the habit by the use of patent medicines or prescriptions, and the cocaine habit is rapidly supplanting the use of morphine among men and women of the "under world." The amount of cocaine, if any, which can be legitimately used for medicinal purposes, bears very little proportion to the total amount now imported. The prophecy is freely made by those who appear competent to judge that if matters go on as at present the time will come when there will be as important a business interest at work in the matter of drug-selling for harmful purposes as now exists in the case of alcohol. New intoxicants are all the while being invented or extemporized through the depraved ingenuity of mankind. In the South African war the British soldiers who could not obtain gin or beer, actually ate the cordite (composed of nitro-glycerine, guncotton and vaseline) used to charge cartridges. Very few State drug laws at present are satisfactory. Systematic and discriminating regulation of these terrible drug poisons is coming to be recognized as a public necessity.

Death Rate Lowered

HEALTH Commissioner Lederle, in his report just rendered for the year ending Dec. 31, 1902, states that the death rate in New York has fallen to 18.75 a thousand compared with 20 in 1901 and 20.57 in 1900. The deaths numbered 68,085 as compared with 70,720 in 1901, and 70,872 in 1900. In the section corresponding to the old city of New York the rate was 19.49 a thousand — a much lower figure than in any year since 1814, when the rate was 19.66. The death-rate of 17.88 in Brooklyn was the lowest in that section since 1866. These figures bear striking witness to the intelligent methods faith-

fully applied by the Health Department in combating disease, preventing infection, and introducing improved hygienic arrangements in the city institutions. The total of consumption cases alone was 560 less than in 1901. The report declares that no more important fields for activity offers itself to the Health Department than the purification of food supplies and the punishment of dishonest adulterators.

Admiral Gherardi Dead

LAST Thursday Rear Admiral Bancroft Gherardi (retired) died at Stratford, Conn. He was born in Louisiana in 1832, and was a nephew of Bancroft the historian. He entered the Navy from Massachusetts in 1846, during the Mexican War. After a half-dozen years spent at sea, he was admitted to the Naval Academy. He was made a master in 1855 and was commissioned a lieutenant in the same year. He served with distinction in the Civil War, and was one of the noble band of heroes "with Farragut at Mobile Bay." He served in the Navy forty-eight years, retiring in 1894. Although the fortunes of war did not bring Admiral Gherardi into positions where opportunity offered for winning glory as a great leader in battle, he was yet a faithful duty officer and an able commander, and distinguished himself in the development of the modern Navy of the nation.

Japanese Jingoism

THE opening of the Japanese Diet, Dec. 10, was attended by a remarkable incident. The imperial speech stated that the ministers had been instructed carefully to conduct important negotiations "for securing the peace of the East," and for "maintaining the rights of the Japanese Empire." In the reply voted to the speech from the throne the House of Representatives declared that the present is a time when the destiny of Japan has "reached a point of unprecedented importance, yet the ministerial measures are inadequate for the situation, inasmuch as the ministers pursue an opportunist policy at home and forfeit occasions abroad." Under the form of a respectful request to the Mikado to exercise "his enlightened judgment" on these matters, the House took occasion, for the first time in Japanese annals, to utilize a reply to the imperial speech, to administer a rebuke to the cabinet, and to score a point for Japanese Jingoism. The Diet was dissolved last Friday, in consequence of the adoption of this address impeaching the cabinet. The dissolution of the Diet leaves the cabinet with a freer hand in the negotiations which are being conducted with Russia regarding difficulties in Manchuria.

Award of Nobel Prizes

THE Norwegian Parliament awards the annual Nobel Peace Prize of $39,150 to William R. Cremer, M. P., publisher of the *Arbitrator*, of London, for his work on behalf of international arbitration. Mr. Cremer is the founder of the interparliamentary conferences which, since 1888, have met in Paris, London, Rome, Berne, The Hague, Budapest, Brussels and Christiania. For twenty-eight years Mr. Cremer has been Secretary of the International Arbitration League, and in order to advocate international arbitration he has visited every country in Europe. The prize for physics is divided between Henri Becquerel of Norway and M. and Mme. Curie of Paris. The discoverers of radium have not profited greatly in a financial way from their work, and satisfaction is felt by their admirers throughout the world at this piece of good fortune which has befallen them. The chemical prize was awarded to the Swedish Professor Arminius, the medical prize to Dr. Finsen of Denmark, and the prize for literature to Björnstjerne Björnson, the Norwegian poet and dramatist. These prizes amount to about $40,000 each. The formal distribution of the prizes took place last Thursday evening in presence of the king and several members of the royal family. Each prize was accompanied by a diploma and a gold medal.

Immigration Statistics

ACCORDING to the annual report of Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, the ratio of the increase of aliens from the countries of Northern and Western Europe this past year, as compared with arrivals from the same countries for the preceding year, was about 47 per cent., while from the countries of Eastern and Southern Europe it was only about 27 per cent. In spite of the more rapid increase from Northern and Western Europe the great bulk of European aliens, numbering 572,726, came from the three countries of Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia. Of the steerage aliens 613,146 were males and 243,900 females; 102,431 were less than fourteen years of age, 714,053 were from fourteen to forty-five years, while 40,562 were forty-five years or over; 668,038 were able to read and write, 3,341 could read but not write, and 185,667 could neither read nor write; 76,702 of the immigrants had previously been in the United States; 511,302 arrived with less than $30 apiece in their pockets. The total amount of money exhibited to officers by immigrants amounted to $16,117,513.

Optimistic Outlook in Far East

NOW that the gravest menace to the continuance of peace in the Far East—the Japanese Parliament—has been eliminated by the dissolution last week of that legislative body (which takes itself very seriously), almost all predictions as to the outcome of the Japanese imbroglio are characterized by an optimistic tone. Although the Tokyo press continues to urge the members of the Japanese Parliament to compel the cabinet to take a stronger line in the negotiations with Russia, and although the Mikado's speech at the opening of the Diet, with its scant mention of the Manchurian difficulties, did not satisfy the war party, it is apparent that the efforts of Lord Lansdowne and M. Delcasse to prevent war by urging a compromise have fortified the Japanese Ministry against the clamors of the Jingoes, and parliamentary dictation on a question of foreign policy will probably not be tolerated. A few small Russian warships have arrived at Chemulpo—a move which has been over hastily interpreted as indicative of Russia's opposition to the proposed opening of Yongampho to the commerce of the world. China has apparently acceded in principle to the Russian supplementary terms for the evacuation of Manchuria, and concluded an arrangement which will nominally confirm Chinese sovereignty while giving Russia an advisory share in the Government.

Prison Association Work

THE Prison Association of New York, in an appeal to the public for increased funds to carry on its enlarging work amid the growing population of the great metropolis, states that during 1902 473 investigations were made in cases of felony, sentence being suspended in 169 instances; that of 400 men from Elmira Reformatory paroled in its custody 75 per cent. are doing well, and 90 per cent. of all those on probation are conducting themselves properly; and that in its Relief Department 912 prisoners were registered. Temporary work was given to 1,157 persons, and steady work was obtained by 312. Lodgings were furnished to 1,812 individuals, and meals supplied to 4,641. In the prisons 4,860 books and magazines were distributed. During the fifty-six years of its existence the Association has aided 164,741 prisoners.

Dowie Resurgent

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE has had at least a temporary resurrection from the financial troubles that have been seemingly overwhelming him. Taking alarm at the prodigal expenditures of his New York trip, Dowie's creditors pressed him hard. His faithful followers in Zion City did not respond with any great alacrity to the Prophet's frantic appeals for "more funds," and Elijah III. was compelled to suffer the humiliation of entertaining United States marshals, unwillingly if not unawares, in the halls and library of his private mansion. It appears now, however, that Dowie's creditors acted with nervous and undue haste, and latterly, receiving satisfactory assurance that their claims will be paid by Dowie in full, have exercised about as much energy to get him out of the hands of a receiver as they displayed in the effort to get him into the grasp of the bankruptcy court. The receivers have been discharged, their ejectment from Zion City appearing to please all parties concerned. Dowie is jubilant over the new turn in affairs, but is by no means out of the woods financially. Great caution in the conduct of the affairs of Zion will be necessary to avoid a repetition of the bankruptcy entanglements. The prospect before the great mass of the Zionists as winter comes on is at best bleak and dreary.

Anti-Smoot Campaign

THE anti-Smoot campaign is being prosecuted with renewed vigor, and with fair prospect of success. The Smoot case has now come before the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, and the signal has been sounded for one of the

most interesting, important, and possibly dramatic contests ever waged in the national capital. Mr. Smoot has been charged with being a polygamist, and must file an answer to the charge before the committee. Petitions demanding the expulsion of Apostle Reed Smoot from the Senate have been accumulating. These petitions, which bear the marks of uniformity and show the hand of organization, have come from almost every State in the Union. In preparing the petitions the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the International Council of Women for Christian and Patriotic Service have had large part. Impetus has also been given to the movement by the Ministerial Association of Salt Lake. The real gravamen of these petitions is the charge that Mr. Smoot, as one of the Twelve Apostles of his church, has taken an oath of allegiance to a secret hierarchy prior to, and inconsistent with, the oath of allegiance to the Constitution of the United States which he took when sworn in as a Senator. The Mormon Church indisputably, while ostentatiously employing the terminology of party divisions, controls the politics of Utah and holds the balance of power in Idaho. There is no moral doubt in the minds of any candid non-Mormon citizen that the spirit of Mormonism, to say nothing of the letter of its law, is hostile to American institutions. It remains to be seen whether the Senate Committee will accept the plain fact in the case, or refuse to unseat Reed Smoot because of a technical quibble or a convenient plea of "not proven."

Disease and Dependence

THE problems of disease and indigence continue to engage the careful thought of philanthropists, with a view to preventing so far as possible the occurrence in future of the conditions which naturally breed pauperism. In a recent issue of *Charities*, Homer Folks, commissioner of public charities of New York, reports that out of 1,460 new families assisted by the New York Charity Organization Society during the year ending June 30, the primary cause of need in 367 cases, or 25 per cent. of the whole, was considered to be sickness, accident, or death. This predominance of sickness among the causes of dependence shows, according to Mr. Folks, that dependence is not a problem by itself, but is the aspect of a very much larger question of social well-being, intimately associated with which are all measures for the improvement of the public health. It also emphasizes the thought that the conception of dependence pure and simple should be disassociated from much that has in the popular apprehension become connected with pauperism. Mr. Folks rejects the term "pauper insane," holding that the insane are simply sick people to be cared for, and if possible cured. Patients in the general public hospitals have little or nothing in common with paupers, as that term is generally understood. In dealing with such unfortunates the thing to be kept prominently in mind is not the danger of pauperizing them, but the exceeding importance of curing the patients at the earliest moment.

Facts Worth Noting

Alpine flowers and plants are becoming extinct so rapidly that strong measures are to be taken in future for their preservation.

Electricity is fast displacing the use of hydraulic power on the Continent of Europe, and slowly superseding it in England.

The President has nominated William I. Buchanan, of New York, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Panama. Mr. Buchanan was Director-General of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.

Colombia has had seven constitutions, and the title of the republic has been changed three times. In fifty-seven years fifty-three revolutions and violent attempts at revolution have occurred on the Isthmus of Panama.

Dr. Arlit, son of the famous opthalmologist, claims to have discovered a new remedy for trachoma, or inflammation of the eyes — a disease which has proved so troublesome in Egypt and in other countries. The remedy is called cuprocitrol. It gives no pain, costs little, and can be applied by the patients themselves.

Lieutenant Chandler's flotilla of little torpedo craft, consisting of the five destroyers — "Decatur," "Barry," "Bainbridge," "Chauncey" and "Dale" — sailed from Hampton Roads last Saturday on their voyage of 18,000 miles to Manila. They will be convoyed by the cruiser "Buffalo."

Four hundred marines and three hundred blue jackets were landed last Thursday at Guantanamo, and participated in the simple proceedings marking the formal occupancy of that place as a United States Naval Station, and the installing of the station ship. The Cuban and American flags were saluted with twenty-one guns.

The foreign commerce of the past year was the largest in the history of the country. The total imports were valued at $1,025,141,679. This makes the grand total of the year's commerce $2,445,860,910 as against $1,714,066,116 in 1893, $1,540,020,316 in 1883, and $1,164,616,132 in 1873. Thus the increase in the past decade has been more than that of the two immediately preceding decades combined.

The Somali levies raised by the British in East Africa have mutinied, and joined the forces of the so-called "Mad Mullah." The British reverses in Somaliland have been attributed, not without reason, to the untrustworthiness of the native levies. That the Somalis can fight bravely when they wish to, has been proved conclusively by the successes achieved by the "Mad Mullah," but no amount of drilling by British officers proves effective to make them stand against the forces of the fiery fanatic when their personal interest chances to appeal to their traitorous instincts.

Major Wood, of the Northwest Mounted Police, has begun moving the Canadian outposts on the Alaskan boundary in conformity with the award of the Arbitration Commission.

At a meeting held last week in New York, attended by representatives from the Presbyterian Church North, the Reformed Church in America, the United Presbyterian Church, and the Reformed Church in North America (Covenanter), a resolution was adopted approving the idea of union between those four denominations, aggregating over a million communicant members, and advocating a consolidation of such Presbyterian bodies as have a similar standard of belief. The Southern Presbyterian Church declined to be represented at the conference, alleging that there is "no evidence in sight" to justify the Southern Assembly in hoping that the proposed union may be attained in such a way.

Railways in Holland are so carefully managed that the accidental deaths on them average only one a year for the entire country.

Queen Alexandra last week had a narrow escape at a fire which burned through the floor of her bedroom at Sandringham. The Queen was awakened by her private secretary, Miss Charlotte Knollys, and escaped just before the floor fell through. The fire is attributed to defective electrical insulation.

United States Consul Davis last week hauled down the flag of the consulate at Alexandretta and left the place after a fight with the Turkish police. The disturbance arose over the attempted arrest by the Turks of a naturalized Armenian by the name of Attarian. The affair is being investigated by the State Department at Washington.

Marsh Hall, the headquarters of the Yale School of Forestry, was badly damaged by fire early last Saturday morning. The herbarium, consisting of more than 3,000 valuable specimens of native and foreign shrubs and trees, and the volumes in the library, although somewhat injured by smoke and water, escaped destruction. The building was formerly the residence of Prof. Othniel C. Marsh, and its interior was fitted with rare and costly woods.

Alfred Moseley, C. M. G., who brought over the Educational Commission last August, and who has visited the foremost universities of America, sailed from New York last Saturday. Mr. Moseley before leaving frankly expressed the opinion that the average excellence of the lower-grade public schools here is far ahead of anything in England. In respect to colleges and higher seats of learning he thinks that England has perhaps the advantage. Mr. Moseley expects to publish a treatise on the relative merits of the English and American educational systems, embodying the results of his observations in this country.

A conference having in view the saving of the sailing-ship industry from ruin was held last week in Paris. The conference, in which representatives of the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany and other nations took part, was the result of concern felt over the general decline in freights — especially between Europe and the Pacific coast of the United States — which have fallen off one-half. Two important propositions were taken under consideration — the limitation of the number of sailing ships, to avoid ruinous competition, and the fixing of uniform rates, based on the action of the conference held not long ago in Liverpool.

The peculiar property possessed by calcium carbide of rapidly developing acetylene gas when brought in contact with water has led to its utilization in Germany as an effective means for raising and sinking submarine boats. The boat is supplied with an ordinary gas generator and a water-tank, whose contents serve as ballast. If the reservoirs are filled with water, the boat sinks. After the introduction of a carbide cartridge into the gas generator, the quantity of gas at once formed is sufficient to force the water through the lower pipe into the sea. After opening the cock in the connecting-pipe the gas enters the pipe and fills it by forcing out the water. The apparatus is quite simple, and is said to work reliably, doing away with air-pumps and water-pumps.

THE CROWDED INN

THE most deeply pathetic element in the Christmas story is the crowding of Joseph and Mary out of the Bethlehem inn. In the confusion and selfishness of that night, when strangers were filling all the rooms of the old city of David, every one was so absorbed with his own tasks and needs that the claim of the weak was forgotten. It was the introduction into the splendor of the Incarnation from its initial moment of the shadow of tragic human selfishness. Each one held to his own spot, for which he had paid a good price, and Joseph and Mary were turned aside to the cave stable. With the dawn of a new day men and women at their gossip learned that a baby boy had been born in the night in the cave; they did not know that glory had departed from the inn to the stable because selfishness had driven it out. No pilgrim would care to journey to the inn where Jesus' mother was crowded out; but the pilgrims have gone for centuries to seek, if possible, the cave where He was born. The guests thought that the rich caravan owner, the learned scribe and the successful man of the world were the guests who would bring glory forever to the Bethlehem inn. It was not so. Greatness and glory for all the years to be knocked at the barred gate in the persons of Joseph and Mary; but there was no room for them in the inn.

* *

It is the old, sad blunder. Think of what it might have meant to the centuries afterward if a man and woman, strong and well, had given up their places in the inn to Joseph and Mary! If the record might have read: "And Matthias and Joanna of Bethany gave place to Mary and Joseph, for otherwise there would have been no room for them in the inn!" The gratitude of the Christian centuries would have been theirs. Some one missed the possibility of undying honor because he failed that night to perform a lowly, fraternal act of service. He found his life in comfort; but he lost his life through trying to save it.

* *

Yes, the words of Jesus are true! The person who hoards in selfishness that which a needier ought to have, misses the opportunity of life, loses his life, indeed. It is not the rich or the wise or the strong who inherits the earth. It is the meek, the self-sacrificing, the serving soul to whom the world belongs. David Livingstone owns Africa today, not the men who have robbed and harried her. Francis Bernardone is master of the Christian consciousness, not the nobles or the bishop of Assisi. The world belongs to Jesus Christ today, not to Cæsar. Sacrifice is not negative and weak; it is positive and strong. The person who fails in sacrifice misses the very glory of life. The crowded, selfish life is a failure.

* *

The merry crowd in the inn crowded out Joseph and Mary. Perhaps the echoes of their mirth could be heard even while Joseph was pleading in vain at the door. The merchants were too busy telling stories to listen to the importunity of the Nazareth carpenter. The greatest joy that could have come to the inn would have been the advent of Jesus there. The merry-makers were content with a less good. Pitiful folly! Jesus consecrates every human joy which He is bidden to share. All human happiness that crowds Him out is a mere mockery. The feast at which Jesus is the welcome, invisible guest is saved from excess. The pleasure in which He shares, silent and unseen, is saved from becoming sensual and coarse. In this busy day, when men work hard and are weary, they seek the relief and the stimulation that come from pleasure of every sort. The tang of the sensuous be-

THERE WAS NO ROOM IN THE INN

comes very quickly a necessity. Jesus is crowded out of pleasure too quickly. It need not be so. It must not be so. The Christian life is one of radiant happiness. There is a place for Jesus there.

* *

Then there was the business group, which did not cease its talk about cost and price and profit long enough to hear the persistent knocking of Joseph at the inn door. The Jew is a born trader; commerce crowded Jesus out of the inn. The very saver and consecrator of the commercial life is Jesus. The man who has a native gift for organizing and developing a business enterprise is just as much called by God to his life-work as is any preacher or teacher. The distinction between secular and sacred is very poorly and often very perniciously made. The whole tendency of modern business competition, however, is to absorb the time and strength of men so that finally they commit this ancient blunder of the Bethlehem inn and crowd Jesus out. Jesus can be made the silent partner in every commercial enterprise, and no business in which He cannot thus share ought to be considered worthy the carrying on by any Christian man. Jesus knocks at the door of our industry and claims His supreme part in t day's business. We must let Him in.

* *

Undoubtedly among the crowd who thronged the inn that night were priests or scribes or zealous Pharisees, who kept their self-satisfied repose, debating their dismal theories and enjoying their ease, while the Messiah came to Mary's arms in the stable among the gentle cattle. God arouse us when formalism and zealous contention for creed or name crowd out our Christ, who is greater than them all! Religion is not a matter of creed confession, or ritual performance, or church attendance. Religion is a personal bond between the human spirit and the Heavenly Father. It consists in love and serv-

ice and a blameless life. So many men are complaisant and comfortable that they shut the soul's door to the Christ of sacrifice, of service, of personal dedication to the law of holy love. It is not the man who bows his head during the trinitarian formula of the *Gloria Patri* on Sunday who pleases God. It is the man who throws himself passionately upon Christ as Saviour, devoutly into life for service in Christ's name, impetuously upward toward the Father whom Jesus reveals. The most cruel exclusion which Jesus suffers today is from the very hearts that bear His name written large upon the portals of their gates. The only place for Jesus is within the heart, central in the soul, enthroned in the practical life.

* *

Make room for Christ in the inn!

Herbert Spencer

THIS great philosopher and metaphysician, whose death at Brighton, England, Dec. 8, calls out world-wide notice, was born, of Methodist parents, at Derby, April 27, 1820. He never received a university training, being averse to linguistic studies, but had some good private instruction, and then for eight years devoted himself to civil engineering. Giving up this profession at the age of twenty-five, he removed to London and found occupation as a writer in the *Reviews*. His first work of importance, "Social Statics," came out in 1851, and contained (long before Darwin's epoch-making "Origin of Species") what he regarded as the organizing principle of his subsequent beliefs, the vital truth that all organic development is a change from a state of homogeneity to a state of heterogeneity. And in 1855 he issued his "Principles of Psychology," which is commonly considered his greatest contribution to philosophy. In 1860 he published a prospectus setting forth the general aim and scope of a series of writings to come out in periodical parts and collectively form a "System of Synthetic Philosophy," to apply the general law of evolution to all orders of phenomena, life, mind, society, and morality, as well as to the origin of plants and animals. To this he mainly devoted his subsequent life, substantially completing it in 1896. The main parts are: "First Principles" (in 1862), followed by "Principles of Biology," of "Psychology," of "Sociology," then "Ceremonial Institutions," "Political Institutions," "Ecclesiastical Institutions." Other works — "Data of Ethics," "Education" (of which twenty-three editions were published in thirty years), "Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative," "Spontaneous Generation," "Principles of Ethics," "The Man *vs.* the State," and many more — make up, in all, a product of astounding magnitude. The method of his system is deductive, with inductive verifications, his ultimate test of truth being the mental inconceivability of the negation of the proposition by the individual thinker. He is one of the very few modern authors who have carried out an attempt to give a systematic account of the universe in its totality. His writings have been translated into nearly all the European languages, and, to some extent, into the languages of the East; and it cannot be denied that they have had very wide influence in molding philosophic thought on those lines of evolution of which he was so keen an advocate.

As to the permanent influence of his writings, it is timely to quote what Dr. W. Windelband has to say in his "History of Philosophy" regarding the net results of these many studies and discussions of learned men: "These suggestions are indeed as yet far from being ripe enough to be worked together into a system of 'synthetic' philosophy, such as Herbert Spencer has attempted by translating the dialectical method into the schema of differentiation and integration which is more conformable to the times." Yet Dr. Windelband thinks that philosophy is urgently summoned to "investigate the conceptional foundations" on the basis of which the (scientific) form of the principle of development "would be in a position to react upon historical knowledge." "The attainment of this ideal," adds the gifted German, "may seem to one to be nearer, to another more remote." Meanwhile, however, we are still "everywhere involved in controversy between historical and natural-science culture." All this is to say that the ardent admirers of Herbert Spencer would do well to postpone their adhesion to the wholesale application of the principle of development which seemed to him so clear and inevitable until things, in both science and metaphysics, are a little more "ripe" for the working out of a "synthetic" philosophy (with possibly some fresh schemata added) which will harmoniously blend what is true in natural science with what is best in historical tradition.

Presiding Elders' Convention

THE convention of the New England Presiding Elders, held in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, was noteworthy. Twenty-one out of twenty-two were present, and the twenty-second man was detained by illness just as he was about to start. They paid their own traveling expenses, each sharing alike, and were hospitably entertained by kind friends. The program was comprehensive and the discussions generally participated in and very profitable. Bishop Mallalieu was in attendance, and rejoiced in this evidence of the solidarity of New England Methodism. His message to the convention touched upon a number of topics vital to the Methodists of New England, and was both instructive and inspiring. Presiding Elder Durrell of New Hampshire, at the close of the sessions, exclaimed: "This marks an epoch in the history of our church in New England." The courtesy of the Wesleyan Association in inviting the presiding elders to their annual meeting and banquet was much appreciated. Methodists in this section of the country call for leadership. The presiding elders, in co-operation with the resident Bishop, ought to be important factors in such leadership, the possibilities of which seem great. Already expectations are awakened for the gathering to be held next year.

Henry Clay Trumbull

A VETERAN teacher of Christian truth, and one who was a public benefactor in many ways, left the earth when Dr. Trumbull passed to his final home early last week. He had been for some time in rather feeble health, but was by no means extremely old, since his birth took place in Stonington, Conn., June 8, 1831. After studying for a time at Williston Seminary, he removed to Hartford in 1851, and engaged in the railroad business. He was Sunday-school missionary for the State from 1858 to 1862, at which latter period he became chaplain of the 10th Conn. Regiment (receiving ordination as a Congregational minister), and served till the close of the war. In 1865 he was appointed missionary secretary of the American Sunday School Union, and in 1872 normal secretary of the same. In 1875 he settled in Philadelphia and became editor of the *Sunday School Times*, retaining connection with it ever since, though in later years most of the work has been done by younger hands. He was Lyman Beecher lecturer at Yale in 1881, and at the University of the City of New York in 1882. The degree of A. M. was given him by Yale in 1866, that of D. D. by Lafayette in 1881, and by the University of the City of New York in 1882. In 1881 he traveled in Egypt, Arabia, and Syria, and while crossing the desert of Arabia Petrea located the Biblical city of Kadesh Barnea on the southern border of Palestine, long an object of research. To give a complete list of his works would tax our space unduly. They have been exceeding many, for his pen has been very busy during almost thirty years. Among the best are: "Kadesh Barnea," "Teaching and Teachers," "The Blood Covenant," "Yale Lectures on the Sunday-school," "A Model Superintendent," "Some Army Sermons." A review of his last work, "Shoes and Rations," will be found in another column. Thus he may be said to have ceased at once to work and to live. Fruitful work, happy life! He will be long remembered and deservedly praised.

Mistaken Inferences

AS statements which have appeared in the reportorial and editorial columns of the daily press concerning the annual meeting of the Wesleyan Association, the report of which appears elsewhere, inadvertently do ZION'S HERALD and its editor injustice, we make this necessary explanation:

The editor of ZION'S HERALD in his annual report to the Wesleyan Association on the 9th inst., did not state that either ZION'S HERALD or New England Methodism was declining. He did say that, with other denominations, Methodism in New England was not advancing, and this not through any fault of our ministers or churches, but largely because of the peculiar difficulties with which Protestantism has to contend on account of the overwhelming tide of immigration which is pressing into our cities and towns.

He did not say that the circulation of ZION'S HERALD is declining, for it is not. The receipts from subscriptions during the present editor's sixteen years' incumbency have been larger than at any previous time in the long history of the paper. Indeed, the HERALD shows a profit, during this period, of $50,000 — a record scarcely equaled for so long a period in Methodist journalism. Somewhat over a year ago the experiment was tried of sending a special soliciting agent into the field. Being a genius at this work, he soon ran up a list of over 6,000 short-term subscribers. It was feared that a reaction from this special canvass might follow — as it did. Mention by the publisher, in his annual report before the Wesleyan Association, of the fact that large numbers on this inflated list had failed to renew gave rise to the impression that the regular list was suffering. In referring to the general problem of the religious press and its desperate efforts to hold its own — known to all who possess inside information — the editor said: "The daily press, which is constantly improving, and which now covers everything in the way of religious news and discussions, and the magazines, which now treat religious subjects and have become nearly ideal in matter and artistic completeness, are the upper and nether millstones which are grinding the religious weeklies to powder. Only that religious paper can live, and will live, which is adjusted to the

changed and changing needs of the hour."

The editor of ZION'S HERALD never hinted that it was declining, but contended that the reason of its unusual relative success was to be found in the fact that it had sought to make the needed adjustment by adopting some of the best features of the daily press and of the magazines.

PERSONALS

— A representative New York Methodist, who attended the recent inauguration of Rev. Dr. E. H. Hughes to the presidency of De Pauw University, writes: "President Hughes is making a fine impression at De Pauw."

— On request of Bishop FitzGerald, the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society has authorized the corresponding secretary, Dr. A. B. Leonard, to accompany the Bishop during his forthcoming visit to Mexico in January.

— The election of Hon. Charles L. Dean the sixth time as mayor of Malden is certainly a very high compliment, and shows how greatly the people value his ability and faithfulness. Mr. Dean has long been one of the most prominent and generous supporters of Centre Church, of which Dr. John Reid Shannon is pastor.

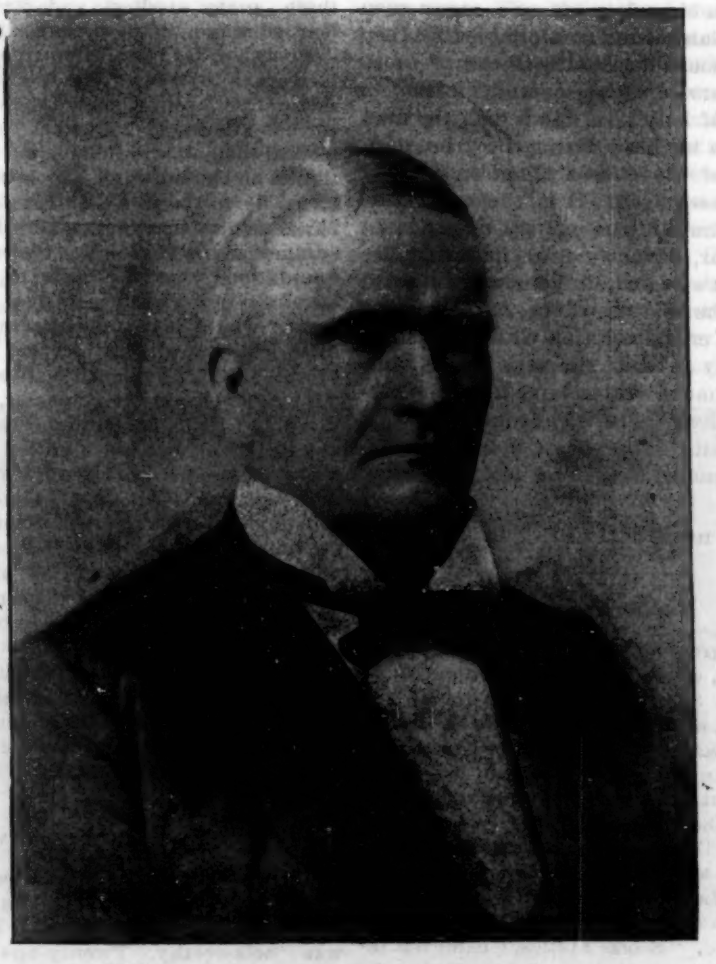
— An oil portrait of the late Dr. S. L. Baldwin, recording secretary of the Missionary Society for fourteen years, has been presented to the Society by Dr. A. B. Leonard on behalf of the members of Dr. Baldwin's family. The portrait is to be hung upon the wall of the Board Room in New York city.

— The *Congregationalist* states that "Prof. George Adam Smith's recovery from his illness has not been complete, and instead of carrying on even a portion of his work at the Free Church College, Glasgow, this term, as he had intended to do, he has been forced to give up his professorial labors entirely for a time. He has sailed for Egypt and India."

— The *Christian Advocate* thus characterizes the late Jonathan S. Willis: "Jonathan S. Willis, ex-Congressman from Delaware, died a short time ago at his home near Medford, in his 73d year. He had a diversified career. For thirty-one years he was a Methodist minister, filling stations in Delaware, Philadelphia, this city, and Stamford, Conn. He was a man of more than ordinary ability, fluent to an amazing degree, and wrote quite good poetry; he was a mixture of minister, man of the world, politician, and farmer."

— When Mayor-elect A. R. Weed of Newton, son of Mr. Alonzo S. Weed, so long the honored and successful publisher of this paper, entered the meeting of the Wesleyan Association, reported elsewhere, he received quite an ovation. It is worthy of note that Mr. Weed is prominent in the work of the Nonantum Boys' Club, teaches a Sunday-school class of young men (almost never absent), is treasurer of the board of trustees, is interested in every church enterprise, and is one of the most helpful men to the pastor of the church, Rev. G. R. Grose.

— John L. Harvey, Esq., who has just been elected mayor of Waltham by such a handsome majority, is a prominent and loyal member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, and has had much to do in administering the properties of Asbury Temple during the past troublesome years, and in bringing order out of chaos. For six years he was superintendent of Asbury Temple Sunday-school, and is now at the head of the board of trustees. Born in Ohio forty-six years ago, he worked his way up through school and college, graduating from Ohio Wesleyan University in 1883, and from Boston University Law School in 1888, with high honors in each case. The city is to be congratulated on having so worthy and so capable a citizen at the head of its affairs.



The Late Rev. John Lanahan, D. D.

WE cannot permit the departure from earth of so eminent a Methodist veteran to pass without notice and tribute, although, just at this writing, we are not in possession of all the facts needful to give either an extended sketch of his life or a symmetrical estimate of his services and achievements. Born in Virginia, he joined the Baltimore Conference in 1838, and soon was called to fill some of its most prominent appointments. He served as presiding elder for several terms. In some respects the most noteworthy of his districts was the Virginia, constituted in 1861 of only seven appointments — all that was left to go with the loyal Baltimore remnant after the secession of those who sympathized with the South. At the General Conference of 1864 Baltimore Conference had only three representatives, headed by the intrepid presiding elder of the Virginia District. He was a member of every General Conference for forty-four years — from 1856 to 1900. All who attended the last session, at Chicago, will remember the stalwart form of Dr. Lanahan, unbowed by age, and his stentorian voice, having a greater volume than any other raised on that floor, and filling with the utmost ease that vast auditorium. The most sensational epoch of his life was the period from 1868 to 1872, when he served as one of the publishing agents at the Book Concern in New York, succeeding Dr. James Porter. He soon unearthed certain scandals connected with a few of the employees whereby the Concern had suffered considerable loss, and pushed the exposure so energetically, not to say ruthlessly, that a hornets' nest, so to speak, speedily buzzed about his ears. Proceedings were instituted against him, and he came very near being suspended from office, but Bishop Ames stood his friend, and he pulled through, having done a good work for the church, the fruit of which has been seen in the improved methods, with better checks and balances, which have ever since been observed in the business. He has been for a long time, since retiring from the active ministry, superintendent of the Baltimore Book Room, greatly beloved and respected by a wide circle of admiring friends. A great oak has fallen. His good gray head will be much missed in the assemblies of the church.

— We have received from several readers a request for the number and names of Methodist governors. To this we can accede by quoting the following paragraph from the Boston *Advertiser*: "At the present time there are no less than eight States whose chief executives are Methodists. The list as unofficially compiled: Massachusetts, Governor Bates; Illinois, Governor Yates; Texas, Governor Sayers; Indiana, Governor Durbin; Nebraska, Governor Mickey; Missouri, Governor Dockery; Michigan, Governor Bliss; Minnesota, Governor Van Sant. All but two of the Methodist governors are Republicans, the exceptions being in Texas and Missouri. The denomination which ranks next to the Methodists in gubernatorial laymen is the Presbyterian Church, with seven, and the Baptists, with six governors."

— Deep sorrow has come to the hearts and home of Dr. Shadrach and Mrs. Osma Cornelia Morrill, in the death of their youngest daughter, Mary Stearns Morrill, a beautiful girl of eleven years. Mrs. Morrill is a daughter of Bishop Baker.

— A communication from Bishop H. W. Warren, dated Manila, Philippine Islands, Oct. 24, says: "Things are going here far better than the anti-expansionists think. Our work thrives amazingly by the labors of devoted men. We are well, and go on to

Singapore, India, etc., at once. In the opium fight our man Stuntz was the Achilles and Ulysses in one."

— Dr. Edward Everett Hale was elected chaplain of the United States Senate on Monday.

— Rev. Dr. W. I. Haven preached the annual missionary sermon at Bethany Church, Roslindale, Sunday, deeply inspiring all who heard him.

— Rev. Daniel Richards, of the New England Conference, was 85 years of age, Dec. 9. He lives, at 18 Loring St., Somerville, a quiet and studious life, reading eagerly the current literature of his denomination. He is in comfortable health, and in the enjoyment of a rich religious experience. Asking him for his best word on his birthday, he responded immediately: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me."

— A recent wedding of interest to many of our readers, which took place in Howard Ave. Church, New Haven, Conn., was that of Miss Verne Weston and Dr. Daniel Driver, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The ceremony was performed by the father of the bride, Rev. Dr. H. D. Weston, pastor of the church. She was given away by her brother-in-law, Rev. Allan MacRossie, of St. James' Methodist Episcopal Church, New York. After a trip through Pennsylvania and Washington, Dr. and Mrs. Driver will reside in Brooklyn.

BRIEFLETS

This is the season of good-will to men. Not having the dollar to give is no good reason for withholding the kind word or the cheering smile.

Because of our wealth of Christmas material this year, we shall favor our readers with a supplementary Christmas number next week, with stories by Myra Goodwin Plantz and Mrs. Annie E. Smiley and a poem by the late Rev. E. A. Rand.

The Methodist Year Book for 1904 is laid upon our table. It contains over 200 pages, fully packed with latest information concerning the organized work of our church. This pamphlet is indispensable to any Methodist who desires to be intelligent concerning the work of his denomination. How it can be sold for ten cents a copy, we cannot comprehend. It may be secured of C. R. Magee at 36 Bromfield St.

The Thirty-seventh St. Methodist Episcopal Church, New York city, which celebrated its 50th anniversary last Sunday, was organized, Dec. 15, 1853, as the "Old Kips Bay Church." The original building was a small frame structure perched high among the rocks, and two of the old members still remember the time when the goats used to look into the windows of the edifice, somewhat, we fear, to the distraction of the congregation. The church was one of the few over which the Stars and Stripes were kept constantly floating during the Civil War. The old flag is still preserved in a glass case in the church.

The *American Citizen*, in its issue of Dec. 17, carries the imputation that in publishing an excerpt in our columns recently from the *Central Christian Advocate* entitled, "Keep Still on Romanism," we had purposely misrepresented the attitude of our worthy contemporary towards the Roman Catholic Church. The HERALD had no such intent. The title was used by the *Central*, and was not given by us, as the *Citizen* intimates. We read the paragraph quoted, which began near the bottom of the page and was separated from the succeeding matter by a long rule, such as is used by that paper for division lines between articles. The five lines below the rule we did not read, supposing of course they had no connection, neither did we turn the page, so did not then observe that it was a long editorial thus peculiarly broken into fragments.

"A Minister's Daughter" sends one dollar to the Preachers' Aid Fund, and wishes that she "could make it more."

The *Indianapolis News* of Dec. 9, which devotes four pages to the services connected with the inauguration of Rev. Dr. E. H. Hughes as president of De Pauw University, is an unusually interesting and instructive number. There are fine portraits of President Hughes, Washington C. De Pauw, "most beneficent friend of the University," Rev. T. A. Goodwin, D. D., "only surviving member of first class graduated," President J. W. Bashford, "distinguished Ohio educator," and numerous illustrations of the various buildings of the University. President Hughes' inaugural address is published in full, and justifies the opinion of Rev. L. H. Dorchester, of St. Louis, who writes the editor that "it was very able, and made a splendid impression." If our space permits, we shall make generous excerpts from it in our next issue.

A report of the annual meeting of the Anti Saloon League in Washington, received too late for this issue, will appear next week.

Boston Wesleyan Association

Annual Meeting

THE annual meeting of the Boston Wesleyan Association was held at 4 o'clock in the Committee Room of Wesleyan Building, 36 Bromfield St., Dec. 9, President Joshua Merrill in the chair. After singing two verses of the hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," Rev. Dr. John Reid Shannon, of Centre Church, Malden, offered prayer. The following members of the Association were present: Edward F. Porter, Francis A. Perry, Joshua Merrill, Warren O. Kyle, Robert F. Raymond, Charles R. Magee, Matthew Robson, Everett O. Fisk, Charles C. Bragdon, Avery L. Rand, Geo. E. Atwood, Edward H. Dunn, William M. Flanders. The regular official visitors from the six patronizing Conferences able to be present were: New England Conference, Rev. H. L. Wriston; New England Southern Conference, Rev. W. H. Butler; New Hampshire Conference, Rev. Edgar Blake and Mr. D. K. Webster; Vermont Conference, Rev. C. F. Partridge; Maine Conference, Rev. D. B. Holt and Mr. J. W. Church; East Maine Conference, Rev. J. W. Hatch and Mr. Sanford Ritchie. The following presiding elders, who were in the city in attendance upon a convention (reported elsewhere), were present as invited guests: Revs. W. T. Perrin, J. H. Mansfield, J. M. Leonard, W. G. Richardson, W. I. Ward, J. I. Bartholomew, J. M. Durrell, Elwin Hitchcock, W. M. Newton, C. S. Nutter, J. O. Sherburn, A. S. Ladd, B. C. Wentworth, D. B. Dow, F. L. Hayward, T. F. Jones and W. A. Richard. The following is an additional list of special guests: Bishop Mallalieu, Dr. B. P. Bowne, Chaplains W. O. Holway and D. H. Tribou, and Revs. L. B. Bates, J. R. Shannon, H. W. Ewing, R. L. Greene, Franklin Hamilton, C. A. Crane, James Mudge, Dillon Bronson, J. D. Pickles, S. M. Dick, W. J. Thompson, F. C. Haddock, Geo. Skene, R. F. Holway, G. H. Spencer, W. G. Seaman, E. M. Taylor, W. H. Meredith, E. J. Helms, and R. T. Flewelling, and Messrs. Alonzo S. Weed, A. R. Weed, W. T. Rich, F. A. Rich, C. N. Peabody, V. B. Swett, H. D. Degen, P. H. Hadley, and W. H. Gould.

Rev. W. J. Thompson presented the regrets of ex-Gov. William Claflin that he was unable to be present. President Merrill responded to the same, expressing the affectionate consideration of all for Mr. Claflin. On motion of Mr. Porter, letters of sympathy and fraternal consideration were to be sent to Mr. Claflin and to John G. Cary.

The publisher made his report, showing a balance of $1,509.20. E. H. Dunn moved that $1,500 be divided among the patronizing Conferences on the same basis as heretofore for the superannuates and their families, and it was unanimously carried.

The editor made a somewhat extensive report, discussing the peculiar problems with which ZION'S HERALD has to deal.

Mr. C. R. Magee, treasurer of the Association, made his report of the income and expenditures for the year. Five thousand dollars had been paid toward the indebtedness on the property, reducing the amount to $100,000.

On motion, Messrs. Dunn, Raymond and Fisk were appointed a committee to nominate the officers of the Association for the ensuing year. The committee reported the following names, which were unanimously elected:

President,	JOSHUA MERRILL,
Vice-President,	MATTHEW ROBSON,
Secretary,	AVERY L. RAND,
Treasurer,	CHARLES R. MAGEE,
Auditor,	GEORGE E. ATWOOD,
Directors,	EDWARD H. DUNN, CHARLES C. BRAGDON, EDWARD F. PORTER, SILAS PEIRCE.

Rev. Dr. W. T. Perrin presented the thanks of the presiding elders for courtesies extended by the Association.

Members of the Association, official visitors and invited guests then went to Young's Hotel for the annual dinner. Bishop Mallalieu said grace. The only compensation which the members of the Association receive, by charter regulation, for much time and care devoted to the management of the Wesleyan Building and ZION'S HERALD, is this annual dinner, with a complimentary subscription to the paper.

After the dinner, as is the honored custom, each official visitor was invited by President Merrill to present his criticisms or his approval of the management of the HERALD with unrestrained frankness. The following are brief abstracts of the addresses made:

Rev. J. W. Hatch, of East Maine Conference, said that he appreciated the HERALD and its tremendous influence, and had no general criticism. The paper had made a steady and marked advance under the present management. It had seemed to some that there should be less of theological discussion and more of practical Christian ethics. He would like to see the paper edited more for the average reader, and feared that the criticism of political practices in the church would do harm, even if they existed. He commended the splendid self-sacrificing devotion of the editor.

Sanford Ritchie, layman of the same Conference, said that he had the highest regard for the HERALD. The Outlook pages were especially appreciated by him. He had great delight in the fearless and honest way in which the editor expressed his convictions. So far as he knew, the people liked the paper, and he should go home to help increase its circulation.

Rev. W. H. Butler, of the New England

Continued on page 1617

"HINDRANCES TO THE WORK"

MARK GUY PEARSE.

OF all Methodist traditions none, perhaps, are more curious or grotesque than those which have been set forth as hindrances to the work. What pictures come into the chambers of imagery to illustrate the phrase! What curious bits of memory wake up at the words!

The venerable Thomas Jackson — he whose face shone with goodness, and whose blessing men sought sometimes in the street for their children as they passed — came down the steps of the Conference chapel, leaning on the strong arm of W. O. Simpson, a man greatly beloved. The conversation had been on the state of the work of God.

"Ah," said the old saint, with a smile, "Brother Simpson, I remember long ago an old preacher in knee-breeches and bob-wig, hitching up his nether garments as he spoke, who rose and poured forth his lamentations in tones of great distress. 'Fathers and brethren,' he cried, 'how can we expect to see among us any prosperity? Our numbers are reported less, and why? Ah! the cause is not far to seek. Worldliness is creeping in among us, and eating us up as doth a canker. We have departed from the primitive simplicity of our fathers.' Then the voice became more solemn than ever: 'I have heard — yea, I have heard — that some of our younger brethren have actually taken to *wearing suspenders*.'" It was the name for braces, that were then being introduced.

If this leaven of the braces, hidden as they were in the mysteries of male attire, wrought such consternation, we can imagine what unspeakable horror must have filled the simple-minded when some of the preachers began openly to discard the knee-breeches, sacred by the memory of our venerable founder himself, and hallowed by the associations of all the early Methodist preachers; and when in place of these they took to trou —— Well, well, what searchings of heart that led to, and what melancholy predictions should surely find a place in history! A new chapter for "Sartor Resartus" lurks within the subject if one had but the genius to draw it forth. It would be of much interest to know how far the business of the district meeting was interfered with by this solemn consideration, and whether the gravity of the matter was duly laid before the Conference itself. Some who as yet scarcely think themselves old have been solemnly warned from the presidential chair against wearing other headgear than the tall black hat.

But concerning the incoming of the

New Substitute for Knee-Breeches,

this much I have found. The century was already somewhat advanced when the district meeting was held at Launceston. The chairman had given out the hymn, the secretary had read the lesson, and two of the brethren had led the prayers of the assembly. Now all was silent for the commencement of the business. Slowly a venerable father arose, and in tones of deep distress said: "Mr. Chairman, I am exceedingly pained to have to rise at this stage of our gathering to refer to a matter of the utmost importance to our beloved Methodism. I am grieved, and I am sure very many of those about me will share my grief" (half-a-dozen "Hears" confirmed the speaker). "I am grieved, Mr. Chairman, to say that some of the younger brethren have thought fit to present themselves at this meeting in attire so far removed from the dress of the early Methodist preachers, whose labors were so signally owned and blessed. I refer, Mr. Chairman, to these new-fangled — eh — eh — eh" (again the "Hear," "Hear," encouraged the speaker in his pause). "I beg to move, Mr. Chairman, that these young brethren be requested to withdraw, and present themselves in those garments which are more in keeping with our primitive simplicity."

Then arose another, and solemnly smoothing the fringe of hair over his forehead, begged to second the proposal. Fiercely he denounced these new inventions as unscriptural — a snare of the wicked one. Could they imagine St. Paul in such things preaching the Gospel?

Yet another aged minister was rising, when the chairman, a skillful charioteer, saw his opportunity. He said he thought, after what had been said, they might, perhaps, safely proceed with business. For his own part he could only tell the brethren that he had recently been in London, and that there every five out of six men that he met wore trousers. With ominous shaking of the head, and terrible visions of the decline and fall of the British Empire, they turned reluctantly to listen to the first question.

The Beard and Mustache

was another terrible hindrance to the work. It went for nothing that both tradition and art had always set forth the Master and His disciples as wearing the natural covering of the face. Our "primitive simplicity" was outraged by this return to an earlier simplicity. The daring minister who was first guilty of this growth could not find a circuit to receive him. The doors of the chapels were to be shut, bolted, and barred in the face of this bearded minister.

I remember an amusing incident in the sixties, at the May meeting of the London District — a very formidable gathering in those days, when a dozen ex-presidents were ranged around the chairman, sternly looking down upon us young men; a circle of ironclads, threatening the lighter and gayer craft that lay in the harbor. Among the candidates of that year was one who appeared wearing a light mustache. The examination was finished, and the candidates withdrew. The chairman was requested to expostulate with this daring youth of the hairy upper lip. The candidates were recalled.

"Brother So-and-So," said the chairman, "if we receive you into this ministry, are you prepared to remove that *thing* from your upper lip? Why do you wear it?"

The tone was severe, cutting as a razor.

The frightened candidace hastened to explain. He was engaged as a baker, and the moustache kept the flour from rising.

Then arose the tall, clean-shaven W. P. Bunting, and grave in tone, but with a merry twinkle in his eye, he said: "Mr. Chairman, if it keeps *the flour from rising*, I do hope our young brother may be permitted to wear it."

The interruption was not without its effect. The humor somewhat softened the tone of the chairman.

"Well, well, we understand that you are prepared to drop it."

"*Drop* it, *drop* it!" gasped Mr. Bunting, in an undertone that was heard by all. And the thin white hand was laid upon his own bare chin.

Slightly amazed, the chairman changed the word: "I mean you will lay it on one side."

"Lay it on *one* side," whispered Mr. Bunting, stroking his cheek.

A happy outburst of laughter finished the farce.

What perils our church has survived!

But yet remains to be noticed the very head and front of such offending. It was

The Cob

— the wisp of hair that was thrown back over the forehead. The proper and only orthodox fashion of wearing the hair was to have it decently smoothed down over the forehead. That was unworldly. The very measure of worldliness, its height and stubbornness, was in the thickness and determination of the "cob." Lighter offences could be tolerated, if not forgiven, but this was unpardonable — a "hindrance to the work" that withered and blasted all chances of success. Gifts, graces, fruit — all were undone by the crowning offence of the "cob."

It was away in a west-country circuit that one bearing an honored name among us, who has but lately passed from our midst, had gone to preach at a little country chapel. He had finished the service and bidden good-by to the friends at the door, struck somewhat by their coldness, as well as by the nudges and signs that passed between them. Then he had turned towards home. As he went up the hill he was overtaken by one of the stewards, who walked for awhile in silence at his side. The preacher's remark as to the service failed to gain any response. Even the weather could not start the conversation. At last the silence was broken in tones of awful solemnity:

"You won't do no good along with we, sir, and I've been told off to tell 'e so."

This was terrible indeed. The young preacher was overwhelmed, and stood wondering what could have happened, trying vainly to think of some explanation.

"No, sir, 'tes no good you're coming here for to preach. You may so well stay home."

Poor young preacher! And the sermon had been prepared so carefully, so earnestly prayed over, delivered with such hopes of doing some good. And all to end in this!

"I am very sorry to hear you say that," he ventured to reply. "Have I said anything to offend you?"

"No," grunted the reprover, sullenly. "'Tisn't what you do *say*. We believe you've a-got a gift, but you won't do no good for all that."

"Have I *done* anything, then, to grieve you?"

"Well, iss, you have."

"I am very sorry, very. Do tell me what it is."

"No, you won't do no good, here nor anywhere else, and you may so well know it."

"What can I have done?"

Then came a long interval of silence. At last the steward explained: "Why, 'tis that there cob 'pon top of your head!"

"Oh," laughed the young preacher, immensely relieved. "Is that all?"

"That all!" cried the steward, angrily, "That's enough, isn't it? It do take away the means of grace so bad as if you had never been here at all, and worse."

But the young preacher had no wish to discuss the matter, while his companion became yet more eager that he should see the enormity of his offence.

"I should like for to tell you about Mr. Molesworth [of course I have changed the name] when he was to this here circuit—a meek an' blessed man he was, so humble-minded in spirit as a 'haingel."

"I should like to hear about him," said the young preacher, glad to have any diversion from himself.

"Well, Mr. Molesworth he came over here to Bulletsbrook for to preach the first Sunday he was 'pon the circuit, and us all comed together for to hear en, hoping for to get some good. But there—us didn't. *He'd got a cob!*"

Then came a pause.

"Well," said the young preacher, encouragingly.

"Iss—a meek-minded man was Mr. Molesworth—so humble as ever you seed, and a powerful preacher too, if it hadn't a-been for that there cob. Well, when he was gone, us comed together. There was old Aunt Keziah in her black bonnet—she were a leader and all. And there was Cap'n Andrew, from in here to Pengelley, and there was Uncle Jan Gundry, and Zekiel Toms, and Brother Malachi, and his brother, Mester Moses, and me. Well, we looked 'pon each other without so much as a word, and us shook our heads terrible about it, and couldn't say nothing till Aunt Keziah up and said,' 'Aw, dear, he've a got a cob 'pon top of his head!'

"'Iss,' says Zekiel Toms, 'whatever shall us do?'

"Then us fall'd to for to talk 'bout it. We was all agreed that he had got a gift, and that he was a nice humble-minded man in speeret. So Zekiel Toms, he said we'd better for to ask en into the vestry next time he came and have a meetin', and for us to spake our minds about it. An' I was told off for to begin. Well, the next time he come was a week-evenin', and after service us aske'd en into the vestry, and all sat down round en. Aunt Keziah was 'pon one side of me, and Zekiel Toms 'pon the other, and the rest sat opposite us. Us was all quiet for a minute or two, and then Aunt Keziah nudged me for to begin, and all the rest kept nodding, so I up and began: 'We do believe, sir, that you have got a gift,' I says.

"'Iss, fy,' says Aunt Keziah.

"'To be sure us do,' says they all.

"'And you're a fine powerful preacher too,' says I.

"'Certainly,' says Aunt Keziah.

"'Tes so,' says Zekiel Toms.

"'Iss,' says Uncle Jan Gundry and all the rest.

"But you won't do no good up here, try so much as you mind to,' says I.

"'No, chull,' says Aunt Keziah.

"'Not a ha'peth,' says Zekiel Toms.

"'You wain't,' says all the rest.

"'And 'tis all along o' that there cob," says I.

"'That there cob,' says Aunt Keziah.

"'That there cob,' says all the rest.

"Well, he looks up, Mr. Molesworth did, all so innercent as a new-born babe. 'My friends,' says he, 'I do not understand. You know I don't keep a horse.'

"'Horse!' says Aunt Keziah. 'Why, bless 'e, sir, what have that got to do with it?'

"'Aw,' says Mester Moses. 'We do mean that there cob 'pon top of your head.'

"'Oh, this?' says he, and he put his fingers up through it. 'Well, if this offends you, I am very sorry. You can try all of you to make it go any other way if you like.' He was a humble-minded man in speerit as ever you seed.

"'Now tha's fair,' says Uncle Jan Gundry, 'and no mistake.'

"'Iss, fy,' says Aunt Keziah, 'and 'tis humble-minded, too.'

"So we all got up and comed in round en—me and Zekiel and Uncle Jan Gundry and Brother Malachi and all.

"There we all stood looking 'pon each other, for us didn't know how for to begin. 'Come,' says Mester Molesworth, 'I want to be going. Please do something.'

"Then Uncle Jan Gundry put his hand 'pon top of it, and says he, 'A hot iron might do it,' says he. Uncle Jan was a tailor, you know.

"'Don't hurt me,' says Mester Molesworth. He was a meek-minded man sure 'nough.

"'No,' says Aunt Keziah; 'let me be gone in for a brush and comb.'

"But bless 'e, brush and brush, and comb and comb as you mind to, there was that there cob so stiff as bristles.

"Well, Aunt Keziah, she did not like for to be beat, and she went in and fetched the soap, and soaped ever so. But for all that it only sticked up and stood together so worldly as ever. We did all of us try at it—Zekiel and me and Cap'n Andrew and all. There we was in long with en, dear meek-minded man as ever was, for most a hour. But, aw, my dear, twasn' a morsel o' good—not a bit. Brushing of en, and combing of en, and soaping of en, and hair-oiling of en—bless 'e, it didn't make a morsel of difference, only 'twas worse an' ever. You might a *sat* 'pon that there cob, or a stood 'pon it, and it wouldn't make any difference. You might so well ha' sat 'pon Carn Brea Monnyment.

"Well, then we was fine and sorry for en, the dear man.

"'Aw,' says Aunt Keziah, 'you have a-got a terrible infirmity of the flesh, and we must bear weth you, sir.'

"'Tes so,' says I.

"'So tes,' says all the rest."

They had reached the top of the hill, when the young preacher turned to the steward. "Thank you very much for the story," said he. "Give my love to Aunt Keziah, and Uncle Jan Gundry, and Zekiel Toms, and all the rest, and tell them that I have got an infirmity, too, and they must bear with it. Good-by, good-by," and he hurried on his way.

London, England.

EAST AND SOUTH

Autumnal Trip to the Mediterranean

II

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

I WAS a stranger in Paris, but I had taken care to orient myself. That is, I knew what I wanted and would have time to see, and, by the help of Baedecker, had made a rough sketch of localities and routes on a sheet of note-paper—this to economize time and save the vexation of consulting my guide-book at every point. The ladies had promised to go with me, but I knew the attractions of Madame Bourniche, Perrin, and other dress and glove-makers, and was prepared for their excuses. The "Commodore" had business calls to make.

Putting a dot on my plan to indicate the place of our hotel (not far from the Opera House), I took the bearing of the Louvre, and announced my intention of walking thither.

"Be sure and take a cab," said Budgie.

"A cab for a fifteen minutes' walk?" I replied. "I guess not."

"But you'll never get there, if you don't," said Dot; "never, never"—

"Will you kindly tell me why?"

"The shops," said Budgie.

"The shops!" I replied, contemptuously.

"Yes, the shops," said Dot. "You'll rubber till your neck is all a-twist. Why, the shops are—delirious!"

"I'll risk it," I said.

But they were right. Once around the corner to the right and in the Rue de la Paix, and I found myself in a street lined with "shops" whose windows were simply irresistible. Diamonds, pearls and other precious stones, gold and platinum (more costly than gold), all wrought into most artistic designs, each shop a cabinet of brilliants, and each with an individuality of its own. I lingered—without intention. The spell of the immediate held me. Down one side, round the semicircle of the Place Vendome (begging mental pardon of the stately column in the centre and promising to call again), past the Hotels Ritz and Continental to the Rue Rivoli. Across the street were the Gardens of the Tuileries, extending on the right to the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysées, and the Arc de Triomphe. There was a strong pull in that direction. Straight ahead across the Garden was one of the bridges across the Seine. In half an hour I could be gazing on Napoleon's tomb or be hunting up the schools and churches and museums in the Latin Quarter. That was another strong pull. To the left was the Louvre and Notre Dame. *That* pulled very strong—but the "shops" on the other side of the Rue de la Paix—these pulled harder than them all for the moment. So I turned back. I had gone but a few steps when an enchanting little shop filled with all sorts of quaint designs in silver held me, among them some dainty little salt-cellars. I went in. With some little difficulty I made out from the keeper's voluble French that the designs were three—the "rays" belonging to the period of Louis XIV., "the grand monarch;" the rococo, or shell (curved lines), to the period of Louis XV.; while the straight-lined patterns characterized the age of Louis XVI. I got a sample of each and—broke away; the attractions of the place were dangerous.

Again up La Paix. This time, there

being no shops in the Place Vendome to hold me, I crossed to the centre and inspected the column. It appeared to be about 150 feet high, circular in shape, and coated with bronze, the metal obtained from melting down Austrian and Russian cannon captured by Napoleon. Depicted in the bronze in spiral bands were scenes from the memorable victories of 1805. The column was erected a short time after that date, and, being commemorative of the deeds of the most illustrious soldier of France, one would suppose it would have been untouched in any ebullition of French frenzy. And yet, a little over thirty years ago, in the brief madness of the Commune it was pulled from its base, and shares, with the destruction of the Tuileries (not far away), and other public buildings, in the narrative of those days of horror. But I remembered, as I crossed to the street again, that the name of Napoleon seems lightly esteemed by the people at large. His campaigns cost the lives of three millions of the people, and the empire which he established was in many respects as repugnant as the kingdom which it supplanted.

Back in La Paix, history was quickly forgotten. Again I was fascinated by the Paris of today. Again I loitered before the shop windows — when suddenly the noon hour struck, and out from the shops, and especially from the great dressmaking establishments of Worth and Paquin across the way, trooped scores of working girls, forming little groups by themselves on the sidewalks, laughing, chattering, utterly self-unconscious, as indifferent to those passing as grown-up children. I remembered that I had heard that Parisians work during work hours, and then give themselves up to enjoyment. The numerous cafés, brasseries, theatres, music-halls, etc., give evidence that this reputation is well-founded.

At lunch I told my experiences. The ladies did not say, "I told you so," but they *looked* it. Dot volunteered to take me in hand in the afternoon and show me something of Paris from an omnibus top. We started promptly. A few steps brought us to the broad, bustling Boulevard des Capucines. Dot hailed a 'bus, but it did not stop. As it went on we saw the word *complet* (full) on the rear. The next one pulled up. We climbed the spiral stairway leading up from the back platform and found places side by side on the fore-and-aft seat.

"Where are we bound?" I asked.

"To the Place de la Bastille."

"Splendid!" I ejaculated.

I used the word again, and with more emphasis, as the omnibus passed through the Place de l' Opéra, meeting-place of five broad streets, with the magnificent structure which gives it its name. Then our route lay along the great boulevards — Italiens, Montmartre, Poissonière, Bonne Nouvelle, etc. — separately named, but all one, to the Place de la République, where Dot's eye caught sight of some fine chrysanthemums in the flower market. She started at once, and I followed. Scrambling down and jumping off, to the astonishment of our fellow-travelers, she quickly made her selection. On the whole, I was glad we stopped. For I could get a glance, at least, at the bronze statue of the Republic in the centre, with the figures and bas-reliefs, also in bronze, on the pedestal. But time was precious, and we mounted another 'bus, going to the Place de la Bastille. To the east a mile and a half away was the cemetery of Père La Chaise, but that had to be ruled out. South of it was the Place de la Nation, where over a thousand of the noblest heads of France fell under the guillotine, and in the near neighborhood the tomb of Lafayette; these localities, too, must be omitted from our schedule for this trip at least. But we left our 'bus in the Place de la Bastille.

"Doesn't this thrill you?" asked Dot, as we looked at the tall bronze Colonne de Juillet, which stands on the site of the old castle prison.

I acknowledged to the "thrill," but confessed to the opinion that the column itself is an impertinence.

"Why?" asked Dot.

"Because it commemorates simply the heroes who fell in the brief revolution of seventy years ago — a modern incident. This shaft has no connection whatever, except in the word July, with the fall of the Bastille and the tremendous meaning of that event. Why, it was here that the first great uprising took place of a people oppressed for centuries. It was here" —

But Dot evidently thought my "thrill" was getting too intense, for she suggested that we go to the top of the column. We went — a short way. The darkness inside was too profound. Humming "hickory, dickory, dock," we came down.

"Now, we will go back by way of the Rivoli," said Dot. "There's a whole string of things to see, and I want to stop at Jordan & Marsh's."

"Jordan & Marsh's!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, you'll see when we get there," she remarked.

We did see things *en route* — Notre Dame away to the left, the Hotel de Ville (scene of many a tragedy in the city's history), the lonely Tour St. Jacques (where the meteorological observations are made), and the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. It was the bell in the steeple of that church which rang out the signal for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The Louvre was close by, and also Dot's "Jordan & Marsh" — which turned out to be an immense department store, bearing the name of Grand Magasin du Louvre. We stopped here. Dot went in, and I agreed to meet her at a certain door. Wandering back a half block, I gazed up at the Louvre, mentally recalling fragments of its history; then at the church whose fateful bell marked a date remembered far beyond the circle of its sound, remembered the wide world over by refugees on many an alien soil. Turning, I noticed, on the rear of a church, which almost reached the Rivoli, a fine statue in marble with the name beneath of Gaspard de Coligny. If I had been thrilled before, I was especially moved now, as I remembered that Admiral Coligny, one of France's bravest heroes, was a leader of the Huguenots and almost the first to perish in the dreadful massacre. History has its revenges. No trace could I discover of the infamous Catherine de Médicis, who planned the slaughter and whose word in that day was law; but her chief victim, "being dead, yet speaketh," and in the very heart of Catholic Paris this early Protestant, with the open Bible carved below his name, stands forth in monumental honor — the lamented martyr in a righteous cause, the recognized prophet of better days to thousands who are laboring and praying for the redemption of the republic.

Dot was waiting for me. I proposed that we cross the street and visit the Louvre. Dot laughed.

"*That* isn't the Louvre you want to see," she said. "That part of the building is used for government offices. To get to the pictures, you've got to go through that archway and cross a big court, and get through a lot of horrid guides, and go up piles of steps; and it's getting late, and there are miles of paintings, and" —

"Well, what *shall* we do?"

"Take a cab," and she called one.

Rattling off a few directions in French to the driver, we turned into a square.

"That's the Palais Royal," she said, pointing to an old building at the right, which bore the inscription, "Conseil d'Etat." "There's a garden back of it and galleries."

"But whose palace?" I asked.

"Almost every one's, I guess, since Richelieu built it," said Dot. "I can't remember them all. Anne of Austria was one."

By this time we had left it behind, and were riding up the broad Avenue de l'Opéra. A turn to the left, and we had reached our hotel. A large automobile stood there. The Commodore and Budgie were on the sidewalk.

"Just in time," said the Commodore. "Tumble in."

We tumbled.

"Tell the blooming idiot of a Frenchman that we want to go to the Bois," said the Commodore.

Dot told him.

"And have him go by the way of the Madeleine," added Budgie.

Dot supplemented the directions.

Round into the Capucines we whirled, and in a few minutes stopped before one of the most beautiful edifices in Paris. It looked like a Greek temple.

"We can't see it now," said Budgie; "but the Madeleine is my ideal church building. It has no windows. The light is wholly from the top. Did you ever see anything finer than that colonnade of Corinthian columns?"

"I must get in a visit there somehow," I replied, as the automobile turned down the Rue Royale.

"You'll find the Ten Commandments waiting for you on the bronze doors," said Dot, "all wrought out in scenes."

A moment's run brought us to the broad circle of the Place de la Concorde. The centre is occupied by an obelisk brought from Egypt, with a fountain on either side, and eight beautiful statues distributed in the outer circle representing the chief cities of France, that of Strassburg still hung in mourning for the lost Alsace. Here the machine was stopped.

"We haven't much time to spare," said Budgie to me, "but you must look about you here for a moment or two. First look north up the street we came down, and see the front of the Madeleine. Now look south, directly opposite, across the river. That building with the columns in front is the Chamber of Deputies."

"Where they have lots of 'scraps,'" interjected Dot.

"And to the right the dome of the Invalides, over Napoleon's tomb. Those gardens to the east belong to the Tuileries. And as that palace was burned down, you can see way to the Louvre. On the west — the way we are going — is the Champs Elysées, with the big Arc de Triomphe at the end, and the Bois de Boulogne beyond it."

"Yes," said Dot, "as the machine turned into the beautiful Champs Elysées, "and don't you forget that that beautiful *place* we have just left is the spot where the guillotine stood. Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette, and lots of the nobility, and Charlotte Corday, and Robespierre, and the Gi —— Who were those fellows any way?"

"The Girondists?"

"Yes, 'them's um.' Baedaker says that over 2,800 people were killed there. Ugh! Mamma likes the place, but to me it seems peopled with ghosts."

Up the broad avenue we speeded, Budgie and Dot pointing out building after building of note as we passed, including the "White House" of France — President Loubet's official residence.

"But what does all this procession mean?" I inquired; for there seemed to be

thousands of cabs and vehicles all going our way.

"All the world goes to the Bois at this time of day," said Budgie.

We paused a moment at the massive arch which commemorates Napoleon's Prussian victories — ninety-six in number — but had no time to more than admire it, and glance down the dozen avenues that radiate from it, and then we moved on to the Bois.

Though unlike the popular parks in London and New York, the Bois de Boulogne is used for much the same purpose — a pleasure drive for those who can afford a carriage or a mount, a ramble for the pedestrian, a romping ground for children. It it has recesses, hidden nooks, known only to those who are involved in *affaires d'honneur* — generally bloodless — no one would suspect it who joins the daily afternoon invasion. The *allées* of the vast forest (covering over two thousand acres) are then thronged with the gayest multitude on which the sun ever shines. Utterly free from care, bubbling over with laughter and good nature, every tongue loosed, old and young give themselves up to the joy of the passing hour. The cafés blaze with light. We stopped at one, that known as the Pavilion d'Armenonville. Finding an outside table with some difficulty, so great was the crowd, we sipped delicious chocolate, and looked and listened. To our sober senses and stricter training the scene was a revelation. What right had people to be so — audaciously light-hearted? Had they *no* responsibilities, no worries? Doubtless. But how do they shed them, forget them? It must be a racial trait — something in the Gallic blood; certainly it does not come from the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount.

In the evening we dined at a restaurant on the "Grand Boulevard," whose proprietor had been decorated by the French Government for the excellence of his sauces. It was a lovely place, finished in mosaic and lavish with mirrors. The gray-haired host walked through the different rooms chatting with the old frequenters. At the close of the meal the waiter handed us neat little folding fans, marked with the name of the *maison*.

"We shall remember the 'Maison Marguery,'" said Budgie.

"Yes," I replied. "It is the last pearl on the string of the delightful memories of my first day in Paris."

"You *have* made a day of it," said the Commodore; "for you have been east to the Bastille and west to the Bois, and taken in almost everything of importance between the two."

"If only I can straighten things out," I replied. "Just now it is a confused blur."

"Hurry up and straighten them, then," said Dot, "for I'm going to give you the time of your life tomorrow."

December

Hail, gracious month, thou comest to us bearing
No blossom, sheaf or gem,
But on thy fair, white bosom simply wearing
The star of Bethlehem.

"The Word was made flesh." These five words contain the mystery of mysteries, the essence of the Gospel, the only explanation of the wonderful interest that attaches to the birth of "the holy child Jesus." "In him dwelt the fullness of the Godhead bodily." "The Word was God" — "and the Word was made flesh." Sublime mystery! The mighty God hath spoken; let all the earth keep silence! — *Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

THE GREAT SYNTHESIZER

REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, M. A.

THERE is good reason for holding the view — although many will dispute the assertion — that the late Herbert Spencer was not a great metaphysician. Fulsome eulogies have been appearing of late from the pens of undiscriminating critics which have represented Spencer as a supreme creative mind in the world of thought. He has been called the Copernicus of more recent philosophical discussion. It has been claimed that he has revolutionized thought. That Spencer's influence upon modern thought has been very great, and to a large extent beneficial, is undeniably true. Herbert Spencer was a great synthesizer — a kind of a reference dictionary to all knowledge — but to say that he solved the riddle of the universe is extravagant praise, and shows a lack of philosophic discrimination. Spencer was not capable of abstract thought — at any rate of the highest kind of abstraction. Indeed, in the opinion of a competent critic, he was "less capable of abstract thought than almost any man of high intellectual powers in ancient or modern times." Max Müller has shown that Spencer was well-nigh incapable of appreciating Immanuel Kant, the "giant" in philosophy. His metaphysic did not pass beyond Hamilton and Mansel, and was in fact inferior to the latter — lacking the insight and nerve to conclude with Mansel: "It is our duty to think of God as personal, and it is our duty to believe that He is infinite."

The truth is that Herbert Spencer, trained originally as a civil engineer, never very much rose above a civil engineer's idea of the universe. He was an encyclopedic man, with a passion for the concrete and an organizing genius for details. Helping himself freely to the net results of the researches of others in many different departments of science, he marshaled facts into a great army of propositions which he ambitiously called his "Synthetic Philosophy." The scheme was most ingeniously worked out — rather too neatly for conviction. Yet it was certainly a tremendous piece of self-confidence, if not self-assertion, on the part of one man to set out to prepare an exhaustive philosophic inventory of the whole universe. That Herbert Spencer achieved wonders in many lines may freely and cordially be admitted; that he has very broadly influenced the development of modern thought is also a fact; but it needs to be added that — partly because of an inadequate metaphysical base — the influence of Spencerianism has ceased to be the power it was twenty years ago.

The Darwinians did not escape the good-natured raillery of the wits, who described them as searching for their grandfathers among the apes; and so, too, the wits have made any amount of fun of Spencer's sesquipedalian verbalisms, so that the Spencerian style has now become almost as proverbially cumbersome as the Johnsonian — with this difference, however, that Spencer, dealing with great facts, made big whales talk like whales. It must be admitted that Spencer with his two *foci* of "homogeneity" and "heterogeneity," and a long list of terms which savored unnecessarily of pedantry, has confused a multitude of persons — to whom "Spencerianism" was a name to conjure with, while all the while they found themselves utterly unable to comprehend the main drift of his teaching. The man who so strove for a "unification of knowledge" has probably scattered more wits and driven more mediocre minds to intellectual despair of comprehension than any other writer of modern times.

In the estimation of most people Spencerianism stands for a wholesale application of the formula of evolution as descriptive of the processes of the universe. A great deal of extravagant talk has been indulged in regarding Spencer's service to thought in this respect. After the proclamation of the principle of evolution in the strictly physical sphere, which most modern thinkers have hailed as kind of "enlightenment" in physical science, it was an easy leap for a mind out of sympathy with traditional conceptions, as was Spencer's, to the conclusion that evolution must be as rigidly controlling in every other sphere of thought and life. It is a pretty hypothesis, but it is at least doubtful whether history supports the view, delightful as it might be to be assured that all things, in society, the state and the church, are constantly developing upward. It is easy to be debonair optimistic evolutionists in this sense if we but shut our eyes to the devolutions, the ruinations, the gaps, hiatuses, variations and eccentricities that have marked the variegated way of human "progress" hitherto. Begging the pardon of Hegel, a history of philosophy is not a philosophy of history, and it may well be doubted whether, either by Spencer, who was no Hegelian, or by any other modern thinker, the case for social evolution has been made out with such indisputable clearness as to stop all cavil. If, as Hegel taught, there *is* in human history a philosophy in the sense of a "constant order, grounded in the striving of the spirit ever to raise itself to a higher point of consciousness and knowledge,' this must be, not the result of the mere "persisting" of a blind force (even if spelled with a capital "F") in actuating evolutionary processes virtually mechanistic, but the outcome of a Supreme Intelligence purposively active in all historic developments, where a divine Mind makes for morality in man, and a regenerating, redeeming Spirit corrects the failures, retrieves the reversals, and bridges the gaps which now appear with such ugly frequency in the boasted progresses of men.

The great synthesizer — for a very able organizer of the multitudinous phenomena of experience Herbert Spencer undoubtedly was — to a large extent succeeded in classifying and co-ordinating human knowledge. He introduced system into many departments of thought. An impartial student of Spencer cannot, however, resist the impression that the great synthesizer was less successful as an interpreter of the laws behind phenomena than he was of the phenomena themselves. The divine Pneumenon he missed. For Spencer to say of himself that he *did* not know the Power behind the universe, was one thing; but the statement that no man *can* know it (which is gratuitous dogmatic agnosticism) was not justified by any metaphysic of which Herbert Spencer was capable, or at any rate which he elaborated. It will ever remain a matter of deep regret that a man so talented and so furnished with facts from every domain of science, and a mind so fruitful and organific, should have produced nothing better than an automatic social ethic, which when closely analyzed makes conduct mechanical rather than moral, and should have failed to take account not only of the possibility, but also of the historicity, of that revelation of the Personal Power moving in all things which came by Jesus Christ — in whom all things consist, and by whom also God made the worlds, and through whom is given that knowledge of redemption which is the only key to the evolutionary processes of history.

THE FAMILY

HOME FROM BETHLEHEM

JULIA REDFORD TOMKINSON.

A happy child sat on Balthazar's knee,
The long, long wandering o'er.
Outside a camel rested wearily,
To journey nevermore
By lonely mountain-pass and fervid plain,
Through dew and sunshine and through driving rain,

To Judah's terraced hills 'neath sunset skies,
Where fair Jerusalem
Sits queenly on her crownèd hills that rise
Afar; where Bethlehem
Holds to her throbbing heart with trembling joy,
In swathing-bands, sweet Mary's newborn boy.

Close where her costly trappings, worn and old,
Fell in a dusty heap,
Still holding scent of myrrh and dust of gold,
The camel lay asleep.
"Why went you, father, long, so long away?
My mother smiled with tears day after day,

"And hushed my crying with her kisses sweet.
'Westward he goes afar,'
She said, 'with longing heart his King to greet.'
And oh! a flaming star
Hung bright and low that weary parting night,
And fell, I think, upon the mountain height.

"Saw you the star? We never saw it more."
"Dear heart, its lambent flame
Went quivering toward the sunset sea before
Our longing eyes. We came
By its clear light to find at last — at last —
Him whom we sought. Sore toil and dangers past,

"Were but a dream." "Wore He a kingly crown?
Sat He upon a throne?"
"He lay upon His mother's breast. Then down
We fell. 'Blest King, our Own!'
We cried with mighty joy." "A child was He?"
"Dear Heart, our King to all eternity."

Carlisle, Pa.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Christmastide

Sing to us, angels of Christmas, sing,
While sweet in the day dawn our glad bells ring!
Sing of the Love that comes from above,
Brooding and soft as the breast of the dove,
While we swift forget the pain and fret,
And the pitiful things to which life is set,
And leave at the manger all thought of danger,
And worship the Child, God's children yet.

— *S. S. Times.*

* * *

While Thanksgiving has its foundation on Plymouth Rock, Christmas rests upon the Rock of Ages. — *Charles Dudley Warner.*

* * *

Father of our home and of every home, we bless Thee for all that Christmas means! Every day Thou dost give us some cause for thankfulness, but this day is the best and brightest of all. May Jesus be born afresh in our hearts, making us happier than we have ever been; and may we know that it is meet to make merry and be glad over the good tidings of Bethlehem. Help us to be unselfish in our pleasure, and to enter into the joy of our Lord by doing what we can to add to the happiness of others.

We thank Thee for the home-comings of Christmas, for friends who meet after long separation, and for families made glad by reunion. Be the comforter of those whose Christmas is spoiled by loneliness or trouble, and remember the homes where there are vacant places which cannot be filled. Whether the absent ones are on earth or in heaven, may it be, today, as though there were "no more sea" of separation. Amen. — *London Christian World.*

* * *

"It is only for thirty-six hours of the three hundred and sixty-five days that all people remember that they are all brothers and sisters, and those are the hours that we call, therefore, Christmas Eve and Christmas Day."

"And when they always remember it, . . . it will be Christmas all the time." — *Edward Everett Hale.*

* * *

Lift up yourselves to the great mesning of Christmas Day, and dare to think of your humanity as something so sublimely precious that it is worthy of being made an offering to God. Count it a privilege to make that offering as complete as possible, keeping nothing back, and then go out to the pleasures and duties of your life, having been truly born anew into His divinity, as He was born into our humanity on Christmas Day. — *Phillips Brooks.*

* * *

If every gift is the token of a personal thought, a friendly feeling, an unselfish interest in the joy of others, then the thought, the feeling, the interest, may remain after the gift is made. The little present, or the rare and long-wished-for gift (it matters not whether the vessel be of gold or silver or iron or wood or clay, or just a small bit of birch-bark folded into a cup), may carry a message something like this: "I am thinking of you today because it is Christmas, and I wish you happiness. And tomorrow, because it will be the day after Christmas, I shall still wish you happiness; and so on, clear through the year. I may not be able to tell you about it every day, because I may be far away, or because both of us may be very busy, or perhaps because I cannot even afford to pay the postage on so many letters or find the time to write them. But that makes no difference. The thought and the wish will be here just the same. In my work and in the business of life I mean to try not to be unfair to you or injure you in any way. In my pleasure, if we can be together, I would like to share the fun with you. Whatever joy or success comes to you will make me glad. Without pretence, and in plain words, good will to you is what I mean." — *Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D. D.*

* * *

The sacredness of human life in its meanest forms; the inexhaustible beauty of that which in our blindness we call the commonplace; above all, the divinity which clothes motherhood and childhood — these are the transcendent truths which lie in the heart of the Christmas story. If every woman were sacred to every man, if the mystery of motherhood were encompassed by reverence, would God be any longer incredible, or the value and dignity of life remain an open question? Far deeper than any thought which lay in Goethe's mind when he wrote, "The eternal feminine leads us on," is the sublime light which shone for a moment on the woman who held the child Jesus in her arms and, in a sudden revelation from heaven, made the meaning of motherhood forever clear. So universal is the experience, so often is it allied with all that is most vile in human thought and act, so common is its profanation, so grossly has it been misinterpreted by good and priestly men, that the world has almost lost its sense of wonder and awe in those thrilling moments when, at the gates of death, life reappears and renews itself in endless generations.

When all the actual conditions of life are seen in the light of that moment as it was illuminated by the birth in Bethlehem, it is easy to understand why men are still asking whether there be a God, whether the world be not a mockery or a brief iridescence on the waters of unconsciousness and oblivion. Not until motherhood becomes divine to us shall we reverence one another; not until we reverence one another shall we wholly believe in God. — *Outlook.*

* * *

From the sad earth's stricken places
Lift the tear-worn, furrowed faces;
Christ the Lord is born.
Born to bear our cross and sadness;
Born to change our gloom to gladness;
Bring our night to morn.

His the giving and forgiving,
Bitter dying, anguished living,
Cross and pain and smart.
His the bearing and forbearing,
Ours the blessing and the sharing
Of His gracious heart.

Soft the music grows and tender,
Loving hearts, what can ye render
To the Christ, your King?
Praising voices fail and falter,
What that's worthy of His altar
Can His children bring?

— MARY LOWE DICKINSON, in *Congregationalist.*

AN ADVENT GIFT

OLIVE E. DANA.

SHE was not beautiful, yet strangers were certain to turn for a second look at her, however casual the meeting. The broad, white forehead, the lips folded as in their own sweet contents, the smooth, parted hair tucked comfortably behind the delicate ears, the quick color in the cheeks, and the ready, brooding tenderness in the eyes, all these gave that reminder of beauty which is often a more satisfying thing than beauty itself. Her voice was rich and clear, and her pliant figure and the unconscious grace of her movements suggested unnumbered aptitudes of ministry.

But the December twilight was cloudy and cold, and she came to gather in her little ones from their play with an anxious gesture and a swift insistence that forbade delay.

"Come, children, all of you!" And her voice broke into little ripples of loving gladness even through her seeming impatience: "It's too cold for Kathryn — I told you, you must look out for her. Mother'll take her here before the fire and get her all warm and rosy again. See what a fine one it is, dear! Don't be getting the kindlings yet, Harry. Wait till supper-time. It's Christmas Eve, and we're just going to cuddle down here together a little while and think about it."

So the children gathered about her happily, finding each of them his or her own place in satisfied proximity to her, catching the contagion of her blithe, outreaching spirit, and themselves eager for the joys of tomorrow. In the room where they sat, simple as it was, no line was

ungraceful, no tint or curve inharmonious. The bedded coals out-rayed in ruddy light from the low Franklin grate, finding lines of kindred color in chair and cornice and carpet. The light played around the pictures, and found the wistful look in the eyes of the Madonna, and the deepening wonder, becoming so swiftly the joy of the Divine understanding and compassion, in the face of the Child. And this mother looked up at it, and was content.

She sang old carols to her children as the darkness gathered, and told them quaint stories of long-ago Christmas-times, and answered all their questions, even the most unexpected of them, with merry conceits and ready quips and tender truth-telling that made every one content. Presently the door opened, and an older child came in.

"Hattie? You're just in time for Will's Kriss Kringle rhyme; he knows it perfectly, and we do too, and you can tell us what you children say before you hang up your stockings. Come!"

But the child shook her head. "I'd like to. But we're ever so busy, with the tree to get ready, and the names to write, and all. Mother sent me to see if you don't know of somebody who would stay with Grammie Dill tonight—or awhile, she said. Mrs. Lynn is all worn out, they say, being up so much; and mamma can't go again."

Mrs. Farrand shook her head.

"I don't, truly. Unless — no, she couldn't. There, I'll go myself, Hattie. I can as well as not. You tell your mother so. I can be home early."

"We'll have to hurry, though, to get done," she said, cheerily, to the disappointed children. "Amy, you shall fill the stockings; I'll get out the things for you, now. And it's almost time for father!"

The content in her voice deepened and thrilled a little as she spoke. But the children did not notice—of course they were glad when father came, they always were. And tonight was Christmas Eve, beside.

"If only he doesn't have to stay," she said, presently, looking at the hurrying hands of the little bronze clock on the mantel, that had been installed in its place a year ago "He said he might need to."

She set herself busily about her own tasks, as if she could set forward his. But tea was ready, and she herself had but to put on her wraps for her walk, a half-hour before he came, or before she would give up his coming. Seven o'clock struck, and she took her own cup of tea in lonely haste. The children could wait. And, listening still for the familiar step that did not sound upon the walk, she got her things together, gave the children their good-night kisses and charges, and set off.

How cold it was, starting out alone! And how homelike the house looked against the background of the snowy hills and the starlit sky! There were things, though, that must be done. There must be a new heater, if the winters were to be so long and bleak, although the furnace, so well-planned for, had done a world of good. Then there was shingling, if they stayed there. For there was Kathryn to be thought of—her cough did not get well, it had been troublesome only today, and she seemed so strong. And the boys must have their chance. It took so much to make them ready just to live their own lives well, nowadays! And the money came so slowly—Roger ought to have a third more than they were paying him. He was too patient about it.

She could help, though, more than she had. It seemed to her that she must. She had been restless a long time about it. What was a day or two a week, or three or four in the fortnight, or even the week itself, occasionally, to be away? Other women went and came, just for the change and the pleasure. She didn't want to — traveling by one's self was a vexation and even the quasi-canvassing that was offered her a trial in itself. But there were things that they must forelay for—she had meant to speak to Roger about them, over the Christmas stockings, tonight. He would understand, at least—he always did. Dear, patient Roger! How many of her passing vexations, and trials, and anxious forecastings, he took up into that great-hearted, encompassing love of his, till both of them were comforted about them all! And how reticent he was! It hurt her sometimes to think of it. One should not bear things so—when she loved him, and he knew it.

She had plenty of time to think of these things in the hour or two they gave her before her vigil began. She remembered wistfully that she might have had the evening with them all at home. But eleven o'clock came duly, and her watch began. Her charge was an old woman, past ninety, known in many towns around for the nobility of her nature and the graciousness of her sympathies. She had been ill for weeks; but, with a ready recuperation that was characteristic of her, was even now making perceptible gains of strength, and, but for her age and weakness, would have been considered hopefully convalescent.

Katherine sat beside her silently, thinking of her and of what had come to her. Cares, yes—many and insistent and prosaic. And sorrows—many and great. But joy, too—ineffable, unlooked-for, enduring; and satisfactions, and delights, ecstatic, consecrating, absorbing, that fed the heart, even in its sorest needs, for all the years. This wife and mother knew. How rich a life it was, there in its homely surroundings! What purifying endeavor, what hallowing content, had been in it all these years! The heart of the younger woman was strangely stirred and comforted as she sat there. Her cares shrank abashed, as if there were no place for them, and the confusion and pettiness and perplexity of life faded quite away.

From a distant steeple came the sound of chimes—she could almost catch the measure; and, clear and sweet, with compelling and rapturous and searching insistence, as if it were a revelation and the interpretation of it together, the truth of Christmas came and gave itself to her, according to her heart's need. It became to her in that hour both counsel and blessing, for the tender arms of the Christ-Child and the mighty ones of the Burden-Bearer reached out to her together, there in the Christmas morning.

Some one came to take her place, and, stopping only to satisfy herself that the sick woman was really better, she slipped out into the brightening dawn. The east was all aflame with palpitant light and quivering color. The warmth of it crept far into the skies over her head, and touched the hills behind her with its glow. Ah! the wonder of the world and of that which was wrought in it. And oh, the greater mystery and joy of the things God gives, as out of His own heart, into the hearts within it! Presently she met Roger, coming in quest of her. "I knew you would be coming early, and I wanted you to have this," he said, and he wrapped a shawl around her. Before them the sunrise greatened, and carpeted the snowy fields with shimmering rose. It shone upon the rows of dingy houses where the mill-folk lived, and hid all their lack. And then it crept from the hill to the windows of the great factory itself and set the colors of hope upon it. She spoke of it to Roger, but he only looked down into her eyes, and smiled.

Now they were at home, though the fires had burned reluctantly, and the rooms were cold. Roger put her into an easy-chair, and wrapped her up more closely.

"They aren't awake yet, the rascals he said, laughing and listening. "'Twas quite a night for them, having it all to see to, though they'd have been lonesome enough without something to do. There, now 'twill be warm in a jiffy. And we'll have breakfast. 'Tisn't late!"

"But it's so good to be at home again," she said, wistfully, as if he knew. He did not notice. Presently he came and sat beside her.

"I had a talk with the boss last night." he said, the color rising a little in his sensitive, frank face. "That was what kept me. He's given me a rise—if I'll stay by him, which is just what I meant to do—and the chance of a partnership another New Year's Day, if all goes well with the men. He thinks I get on well with them. And he wants you to help. I told him I knew you would. Why, little woman, you—even you, with your imagination and your sense of things together, can't guess what there is to do for them, and how far a little common-sense and neighborliness will go."

"O Roger! If you'll help about it, dear—or let me help you!"

"To be sure! McCracken's going to be there, too. He is ready, but he can't get ahead with them. He knows we can. O Katherine, they do need it so!"

But Katherine was crying already. She looked up at him with eyes in which a new light shone. In the rooms above they heard their children's voices. A great consciousness stirred within her. The joy as of Mary, the Mother, the pity and love of the Christ-heart, and the love of manhood beside her, the need and the benison of life about her, and the answer of her own heart to them all, awoke and swayed her.

"I didn't know," she said, sighing, as if in confession, "that it meant all that it does, Roger."

And Roger took her hands, and kissed her.

"All this to us on Christmas Day, and shall, dear, our lives long!"

Augusta, Maine.

"LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY"

Once more the quaint old carols
With music fill the air,
While bells are ringing merrily,
As if there were no care:
"*God rest you, merry gentlemen,*
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day."

The message of good tidings
That woke the earth before,
Comes down to faithful shepherds
As on that night of yore.
Great joy is for all people
Beneath the Christ Child's sway,
"*God rest you, merry gentlemen,*
Let nothing you dismay."

Do clouds of trouble threaten?
Does sorrow hide the sun?
Are earnest fighters weary
For battles yet unwon?
Do want and fear — grim shadows —
Dare haunt the Christmas Day?
"*God rest you, merry gentlemen,*
Let nothing you dismay."

The Saviour Child of Bethlehem
Comes to us from afar,
We wake to hear His angels,
We look and see His star;
Great peace is His sweet blessing,
This is His Christmas Day,
"*God rest you, merry gentlemen,*
Let nothing you dismay."

He heals the broken-hearted,
He gives the darkened light,
A little Child has led us
Through fields for harvest white;
The nations have been quickened,
The Babe is King today,
"*God rest you, merry gentlemen,*
Let nothing you dismay."

In His great loving-kindness
All peoples have a share,
His noontide is about us,
His peace is in the air;
O bells, be ever merry,
O songs, be glad and gay!
"*For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,*
Was born on Christmas Day."

— MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, in *Christian World.*

HOW ONE WOMAN LOVES CHRISTMAS

ISABELLE H. FITZ.

SHE is a busy doctor, with a round of professional duties that absorb time and strength, yet so unusual is her delight in Christmas giving, it is a pleasure to watch her during the holiday season.

Early in November the lower drawer of the oak cabinet begins to fill with a varied assortment of articles, many of them quite inexpensive. Toy dogs and cats jostle dolls of all sizes, building blocks are flanked by dominoes, while tablets and pencil-cases find congenial propinquity. Quite often the professional drive ends in a shopping tour, and the lady displays with glee some new purchase as "Just the thing for my dear old friend of eighty," or some young mother with her first darling; for the eye trained to note temperature and pulse is equally keen in detecting an object that will give pleasure. "This," she explains casually, deftly tying a bow of bright ribbon around an envelope, "goes to the inmate of an asylum who likes bright colors and pictures." Perhaps an order on the florist will send by swift express a box of choice flowers to some quiet home among the hills where "Galvin's" treasures rarely come. Or the busy hands may find delight in smothering a nicely-dressed chicken in fruits and vegetables — only the breast-bone revealing his "fowlship" — for some poor woman whom "Santa" is apt to overlook.

And so throughout the whole holiday season the personal interest that accompanies the selection of every gift, the absence of worry, a zest that never flags till the last package is mailed, lend a charm unknown to the ordinary anxious and feverish Christmas shopper.

Even the "tying and mailing" season had its lesson for the observer. When the office table was strewn with twine and parcels, and minutes must be snatched from meals for the process, no hint of weariness escaped the busy worker, but daintily and carefully each ribbon was adjusted, card inserted, and label fastened. To a patient who bemoaned the nerve-wearing demands of the Christmas holidays came the prompt answer: "I do not think so. I believe the diversion is excellent for you."

And afterward? When the postman's calls are frequent and brown paper parcels multiply? But "that's another story." My picture is of one to whom Mrs. Browning's words might apply:

"This perhaps was love —
To have its hands too full of gifts to give
For putting out a hand to take a gift."

Chester, N. H.

They Who Come No More

EVERY anniversary has its pathetic undertone of sorrow. Few hearts do not at Christmas tenderly regret the loved who come no more. There is something very touching in the Christmas that follows after a death in the family. Last year she was here, full of animation, full of interest. Her hand helped cram the stockings; her voice spoke cheery greetings; her laugh was as a chime of silver bells. She has gone. June took her, or August, or October, or perhaps she went away only a few days ago. Here is Christmas again, but she is keeping hers in heaven. For the sake of the rest each makes a brave effort to be cheerful, but it is hard work, and sometimes the tears get the better of the smiles. One never forgets the loved ones gone, but just at first the pain is most acute, the loss most overwhelming, and the first Christmas after a bereavement is deeply shadowed.

If in our Corner there are many who must sit in the darkened chamber of sickness, or sorrow, in these happy days, let them be comforted. Himself hath done it. He who bore our sins in His body on the tree bears also our sicknesses and cares for our griefs. Christmas is His gift. He wishes us to be blessed in its hours, even if we cannot be merry.

Courage! The path may be an uphill one, but it is leading us home. Nothing happens to any of us except by Divine appointment. The Lord would have us wear cheerful faces, and if we really walk with Him, we shall have grace to triumph over the temptation to repining and to morbid grief.

Safe and forever out of the trough of the sea, beyond the sharpness of death, are our dear ones who are at home. Their Christmas anthems unite with the angelic harmonies, where "ten thousand times ten thousand, in sparkling raiment white," the saints stand before the King; their song, too, is "Gloria in Excelsis." — MARGARET E. SANGSTER, in *Christian Intelligencer.*

BOYS AND GIRLS

SANTA'S REPROOF

On Christmas Eve I hung my stocking
By the mantel-shelf, you know;
I confess — 'twas shocking! shocking! —
It was "holey" at the toe.
I was quite ashamed next morning,
And I am unto this minute;
Santa left me, as a warning,
Just a darning-needle in it.

— SUSIE M. BEST, in *Little Folks.*

THE OSBORNES' CHRISTMAS

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

COUSIN MYRA had come to spend Christmas at "The Firs," and all the junior Osbornes were ready to stand on their heads with delight. Darby — whose real name was Charles — did it, because he was only eight, and at eight you have no dignity to keep up. The others, being older, couldn't.

But the fact of Christmas itself awoke no great enthusiasm in the hearts of the junior Osbornes. Frank voiced their opinion of it the day after Cousin Myra had arrived. He was sitting on the table with his hands in his pockets and a cynical sneer on his face. At least, Frank flattered himself that it was cynical. He knew that Uncle Edgar was said to wear a cynical sneer, and Frank admired Uncle Edgar very much and imitated him in every possible way. But to you and me it would have looked just as it did to Cousin Myra — a very discontented and unbecoming scowl.

"I'm awfully glad to see you, Cousin Myra," explained Frank, carefully, "and your being here may make some things worth while. But Christmas is just a bore — a regular bore."

That was what Uncle Edgar called things that didn't interest him, so that Frank felt pretty sure of his word. Nevertheless, he wondered uncomfortably what made Cousin Myra smile so queerly.

"Why, how dreadful!" she said, brightly. "I thought all boys and girls looked upon Christmas as the very best time in the year."

"We don't," said Frank, gloomily. "It's just the same old thing year in and year out. We know just exactly what is going to happen. We even know pretty well what presents we are going to get. And Christmas day itself is always the same. We'll get up in the morning, and our stockings will be full of things, and half of them we don't want. Then there's dinner. It's always so poky. And all the uncles and aunts come to dinner — just the same old crowd, every year, and they say just the same things. Aunt Desda always says, 'Why, Frankie, how you have grown!' She knows I hate to be called Frankie. And after dinner they'll sit round and talk the rest of the day, and that's all. Yes, I call Christmas a nuisance."

"There isn't a single bit of fun in it," said Ida, discontentedly.

"Not a bit!" said the twins, both together, as they always said things.

"There's lots of candy," said Darby, stoutly. He rather liked Christmas, although he was ashamed to say so before Frank.

Cousin Myra smothered another of those queer smiles.

"You've had too much Christmas, you Osbornes," she said, seriously. "It has palled on your taste, as all good things will if you overdo them. Did you ever try giving Christmas to somebody else?"

The Osbornes looked at Cousin Myra doubtfully. They didn't understand.

"We always send presents to all our cousins," said Frank, hesitatingly. "That's a bore, too. They've all got so many things already it's no end of bother to think of something new."

"That isn't what I mean," said Cousin Myra. "How much Christmas do you suppose those little Rolands down there in the hollow have? Or Sammy Abbott with his lame back? Or French Joe's family over the hill? If you have too much Christmas, why don't you give some to them?"

The Osbornes looked at each other. This was a new idea.

"How could we do it?" asked Ida.

Whereupon they had a consultation. Cousin Myra explained her plan, and the Osbornes grew enthusiastic over it. Even Frank forgot that he was supposed to be wearing a cynical sneer.

"I move we do it, Osbornes," said he.

"If father and mother are willing," said Ida.

"Won't it be jolly!" exclaimed the twins.

"Well, rather," said Darby, scornfully. He did not mean to be scornful. He had heard Frank saying the same words in the same tone, and thought it signified approval.

Cousin Myra had a talk with Father and Mother Osborne that night, and found them heartily in sympathy with her plans.

For the next week the Osbornes were agog with excitement and interest. At first Cousin Myra made the suggestions, but their enthusiasm soon outstripped her, and they thought out things for themselves. Never did a week pass so quickly. And the Osbornes had never had such fun, either.

Christmas morning there was not a single present given or received at "The Firs" except those which Cousin Myra and Mr. and Mrs. Osborne gave to each other. The junior Osbornes had asked that the money which their parents had planned to spend in presents for them be given to them the previous week; and given it was, without a word.

The uncles and aunts arrived in due time, but not with them was the junior Osbornes' concern. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne. The junior Osbornes were having a Christmas dinner party of their own. In the small dining-room a table was spread and loaded with good things. Ida and the twins cooked that dinner all by themselves. To be sure, Cousin Myra had helped some, and Frank and Darby had stoned all the raisins and helped pull the home-made candy; and all together they had decorated the small dining-room royally with Christmas greens.

CHILDREN ADORING

Then their guests came. First, all the little Rolands from the Hollow arrived — seven in all, with very red, shining faces and not a word to say for themselves, so shy were they. Then came a troop from French Joe's — four black-eyed lads, who never knew what shyness meant. Frank drove down to the village in the cutter and brought lame Sammy back with him, and soon after the last guest arrived — little Tillie Mather, who was Miss Rankin's "orphan 'sylum girl" from over the road. Everybody knew that Miss Rankin never kept Christmas. She did not believe in it, she said, but she did not prevent Tillie from going to the Osbornes' dinner party.

Just at first the guests were a little stiff and unsocial; but they soon got acquainted, and so jolly was Cousin Myra — who had her dinner with the children in preference to the grown-ups — and so friendly the junior Osbornes, that all stiffness vanished. What a merry dinner it was! What peals of laughter went up, reaching to the big dining-room across the hall, where the grown-ups sat in rather solemn state. And how those guests did eat and frankly enjoy the good things before them! How nicely they all behaved, even to the French Joes! Myra had secretly been a little dubious about those four mischievous-looking lads, but their manners were quite flawless. Mrs. French Joe had been drilling them for three days — ever since they had been invited to "de Chrismus dinner at de beeg house."

After the merry dinner was over, the junior Osbornes brought in a Christmas tree, loaded with presents. They had bought them with the money that Mr. and Mrs. Osborne had meant for their own presents, and a splendid assortment they were. All the French-Joe boys got a pair of skates apiece, and Sammy a set of beautiful books, and Tillie was made supremely happy with a big wax doll. Every little Roland got just what his or her small heart had been longing for. Besides, there were nuts and candies galore.

Then Frank hitched up his pony again, but this time into a great pung sleigh, and the junior Osbornes took their guests for a sleigh-drive, chaperoned by Cousin Myra. It was just dusk when they got back, having driven the Rolands and the French Joes and Sammy and Tillie to their respective homes.

"This has been the jolliest Christmas I ever spent," said Frank, emphatically.

"I thought we were just going to give the others a good time, but it was they who gave it to us," said Ida.

"Weren't the French Joes jolly?" giggled the twins. "Such cute speeches as they would make!"

"Me and Teddy Roland are going to be chums after this," announced Darby. "He's an inch taller than me, but I'm wider."

That night Frank and Ida and Cousin Myra had a little talk after the smaller Osbornes had been haled off to bed.

"We're not going to stop with Christmas, Cousin Myra," said Frank, at the end of it. "We're just going to keep on through the year. We've never had such a delightful old Christmas before."

"You've learned the secret of happiness," said Cousin Myra, gently.

And the Osbornes understood what she meant.

Cavendish, P. E. I.

IN BETHLEHEM

When Mary's little Baby came
On that first Christmas night,
What wonders set the sky aflame
And filled the place with light!

Oh! every child asleep, I know,
Had dreams of joyous things,
Of heavenly music, sweet and low,
And nearing angel wings.

How sweet to have been one of them,
Those children ever blest,
Who slept so near in Bethlehem
When Christ came there to rest;

For with the morn one might have crept
Unto the manger bare,
Where soft the little Jesus slept,
To leave one's present there.

Oh, to have seen Him in the hay,
The cattle standing by,
Each creature turning where He lay
A loving, wistful eye!

Oh, to have touched His little hand,
Have seen it close above
Some gift a child could understand,
Some gift the Lord would love!

— ABBIE FARWELL BROWN, in *Churchman*.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

Fourth Quarterly Review

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1903.

I Preliminary

1. GOLDEN TEXT: *The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him.* — Psa. 103 : 17.

2. THE LESSONS OF THE QUARTER comprised four selections from the Second Book of Samuel, three from the Psalter, one each from Proverbs and the First Book of Chronicles, and three from the First Book of Kings. The period embraced portions of the reigns of David and Solomon, and covered the period B. C. 1042 to B. C. 995.

3. HOME READINGS: *Monday* — 2 Sam. 6 1-12. *Tuesday* — 2 Sam. 7 : 4-16. *Wednesday* — Psa. 32. *Thursday* — 2 Sam. 18 : 24-33. *Friday* — Matt. 2 : 1 21. *Saturday* — 1 Chron. 28 : 1-10. *Sunday* — 1 Kings 3 : 4-15.

II Lesson Analysis

1. DAVID BRINGS UP THE ARK (2 Sam. 6 : 1-12).

The gathering of Israel, to the number of 30,000, at Kirjath-jearim by David's command, to bring the ark to Jerusalem ; the great mistake of putting it on a new cart after the manner of the Philistines, instead of conveying it by staves on the shoulders of the Kohathites ; the joyful procession and festivities ; the accident by which the safety of the ark was jeopardized ; Uzzah's impulsive but sacrilegious attempt to steady it ; his instant death at the hand of God ; David's vexation and dismay ; the ark entrusted to the care of Obed-Edom and the consequent prosperity to him and his family during its three-months' sojourn in his house ; David's second attempt to bring the ark to Jerusalem, this time fulfilling the appointed order ; the glad procession ; and the triumphal reception of the ark under the new tabernacle built for it in Jerusalem — constitute an outline of the lesson.

2. GOD'S COVENANT WITH DAVID (2 Sam. 7 : 4-16).

The principal points were : David's contrast of his substantial " house of cedar " with the " curtains " which surrounded the ark ; Nathan's hasty acquiescence in the scheme to build a temple ; the divine message to the king, forbidding, or rather postponing, the design ; the promise to David that God would build *him* a house and establish it forever ; that, after his death, his " seed " should inherit the throne ; that God would chastise his successor if he committed iniquity, but that his mercy should not depart from him as it did from Saul ; with a final promise which could only be fulfilled in the kingdom of Him who was at once David's Son and David's Lord.

3. DAVID'S CONFESSION (Psa. 51 : 1-17).

David's sorrow for his double crime of adultery and murder ; his earnest prayers for mercy according to God's loving-kindness ; his confession of personal guilt — " *my* transgression," " *my* sin ; " his sense of original sin, and perception of the " truth " which God requires in the " inward parts ; " his prayer for renovation — a " clean heart " and a " right spirit " — and for restoration to the " joy " of salvation ; his desire to be delivered from " blood guiltiness ; " his vows to teach transgressors the right way ; his sense of the kind of sacrifices which God desired — " a broken and a contrite heart ; " and his prayer for Zion — is an outline of the lesson.

4. DAVID'S JOY OVER FORGIVENESS (Psa. 32).

David's joy at his restoration after his terrible fall found expression in ejaculations at the blessedness of those who enjoyed a like pardon and to whom the Lord no longer imputed iniquity. He recalls the former days of wretchedness and wanderings, days in which his soul was parched with fever heat, his groanings were irrepressible, and the Lord's hand was heavy upon him. In confession he found relief ; and hence the godly have the highest encouragement to offer prayer. Very beautiful is David's fresh confidence in the God of mercy. He regards Him as the very refuge and hiding-place of his soul. Through all his future progress he is certain of teaching and guidance. The wicked shall multiply sorrows ; the trusting soul shall be sphered in mercies. The righteous are exhorted to be " glad in the Lord " and " shout for joy."

5. DAVID AND ABSALOM (2 Sam. 15 : 1-12).

Absalom's attempt to dazzle the eyes of the people by surrounding himself with horses and chariots and runners ; his behavior towards litigants who came to the palace gate and found no one deputed to hear their cause — pronouncing their matters just and right, and expressing the wish that he were judge that justice might not fail ; his kiss in return for homage ; his success in stealing the hearts of the people ; his pretended vow by which he gained David's consent to go to Hebron ; the unsuspicious two hundred whom he took with him ; the signal to his adherents to proclaim him when the trumpet sounded ; Ahithophel's defection ; the growth of the conspiracy ; the tidings reaching David at last, and his flight from Jerusalem — were the principal points of the lesson.

6. DAVID'S GRIEF OVER ABSALOM (2 Sam. 18 : 24-33).

The principal points were : The battle in the " Wood of Ephraim," in which the traitor was defeated with the loss of 20,000 men ; his attempted escape, and death by the hand of Joab while caught by the hair in the branches of the terebinth tree ; his ignoble burial under a heap of stones ; the tidings sent by Joab to David, who had been prevailed upon to remain at Mahanaim ; the two runners — Ahimaaz and the Cushite ; David's anxious inquiry concerning Absalom and Ahimaaz's prevarication ; the Cushite's significant reply ; and David's overwhelming grief.

7. DAVID'S TRUST IN GOD (Psalm 23).

This " trust " was exhibited in pastoral imagery. David recognized in Jehovah a personal Shepherd caring for his every want ; guiding him to green oases and quiet waters ; reviving his soul in depression and leading him along straight, because righteous, paths. So fervent is his trust that, though his path should lay through the valley of the death-shadow, he would not be apprehensive ; the shepherd's rod and staff would still be his comfort. Enemies would beset him, but his Shepherd-host would feast him in their very presence, anointing his head with fragrant oil and bestowing upon him a brimming cup, while their rage would be impotent. God's goodness and mercy would not be transient ; it would continue till life's end, and his dwelling-place would be in the conscious presence of the Father.

8. THE CURSE OF STRONG DRINK (Prov. 20 : 1 ; 23 : 20, 21, 29 35).

Wine mocks and deceives, and it is no part of wisdom, therefore, to indulge in it. Keeping company with drunkards and gluttons paves the way to poverty. Complainings, quarrels, self-disgust, personal injuries, dull vision — these characterize the lover of strong drink. Hence, resist the beginnings. Avoid the fascination of the color, the sparkle, the enticing taste ; for, however pleasing at first, it has the serpent's bite and sting when the habit becomes too strong to conquer. One never knows to what strange scenes and perverse sayings and unconscious perils the indulgence will lead him. Untaught by sad experience, he again plunges into excess.

9. DAVID'S CHARGE TO SOLOMON (1 Chron. 28 : 1-10).

The principal points were : The assembly of all Israel at Jerusalem to ratify the succession of Solomon ; David's address, in which he announced how ardently he had desired to build the new temple and the preparations he had made ; the divine prohibition because he was a " man of war and had shed blood ; " God's choice of himself to be king over all Israel and His designation of Solomon to be his successor and the builder of His temple ; the filial relation to which Jehovah would admit him and the guarantee of the perpetuity of his kingdom, contingent upon his obedience ; the exhortation to all present to obey God and thus insure the possession of their country as an inheritance for their posterity ; and the solemn charge to Solomon to " know God " and serve Him faithfully, and enter courageously upon the work of building His house.

10. SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE (1 Kings 3 : 4 15).

The great sacrificial festival held by Solomon at Gibeon ; the choice submitted to him " in the visions of the night " by the Lord — " Ask what I shall give thee ; " Solomon's confession of his youth and inexperience, his recognition of the Divine goodness to his father David and to himself, and his prayer for wisdom to judge the people ; the Lord's approval of this unselfish choice ; His promise to bestow it, and to add to it what Solomon might have asked for and did not — long life, riches, and victories over his enemies ; Solomon's return to Jerusalem, his additional offerings before the ark, and his great feast to all his servants — constitute an outline of the lesson.

11. THE DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE (1 Kings 8 : 1-11, 62, 63).

The vast assembly convened by Solomon at Jerusalem ; the two processions wending their joyful way to the temple, one from Gibeon bearing the tabernacle and sacred vessels, the other from Zion bearing the ark ; Solomon's prodigal sacrifices ; the reception of the ark by the priests and its

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula — as ugly as ever since time immemorial.

It causes bunches in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"A bunch appeared on the left side of my neck. It caused great pain, was lanced, and became a running sore. I went into a general decline. I was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and when I had taken six bottles my neck was healed, and I have never had any trouble of the kind since." MRS. K. T. SNYDER, Troy, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as they have rid thousands.

solemn conveyance to the Holy of Holies; the recognition of the Divine approval and presence by the Shekinah, which filled the house so overwhelmingly that the priests could not stand to minister; and Solomon's blessing of the people and dedicatory prayer — is on outline of the lesson.

12. THE QUEEN OF SHEBA VISITS SOLOMON (1 Kings 10: 1-10).

The principal points were: The journey made by the Queen, with camels, spices, gold, etc., to Jerusalem to test Solomon's wisdom with "hard questions;" her problems solved; the impression produced by the king's wisdom and royal magnificence — "There was no more spirit left in her;" her admission that "the half had not been told;" her acknowledgment of the goodness of Jehovah to Solomon and the blessedness of his servants; and her departure after a mutual exchange of presents.

III Questions

1. From what books were the lessons taken?
2. What period of time and history was covered?
3. What mistake was made in the first attempt to move the ark to Jerusalem?
4. Who suffered, and why?
5. Who took care of it for the time, and with what result?
6. Describe its second and successful removal.
7. What pious desire did David cherish, and why?
8. How and why was it forbidden?
9. What consolatory promises did the message contain?
10. Under what circumstances was the 51st Psalm written?
11. How can you account for David's terrible fall?
12. Show the genuineness of his penitence.
13. What sort of sacrifices did he feel that God required?
14. How does David explain his state before his restoration (Psa. 32)?
15. How did he find relief?
16. What fresh confidence did he feel?
17. What assurance did he cherish for the future?
18. Who was Absalom, and what had been his history before he tried to secure the throne?
19. How did he succeed in stealing the hearts of the people?
20. Describe the method of his rebellion.
21. What did David do on hearing the tidings?
22. Describe the battle and Absalom's fate.
23. Where did David await the issue?
24. How were the tidings conveyed to him?
25. Explain the reasons for his grief.
26. With what imagery did David express his trust in God? In what respects was he shepherded?
27. In what future did he feel no apprehension?
28. What were his enemies compelled to see?
29. What conditions characterize the lover of strong drink?
30. Why should the beginnings of the indulgence be resisted?
31. Why was David forbidden to build the temple?
32. By whom was Solomon chosen to be his successor and the builder of the temple?
33. What exhortations and warnings did David give the people and to his son?
34. Tell the circumstances of the choice offered to Solomon.
35. What might he have chosen?
36. What did he choose?
37. How was his choice approved and rewarded?
38. Describe the reception of the sacred symbols in the new temple.
39. How did God show His approval?
40. What part did Solomon take?
41. What royal visitor came to Solomon, and why?
42. What did she bring and what did she get?
43. What impression was made upon her?
44. What acknowledgments did she make?

W. H. M. S.

— Every year some new Conference Society is represented at the annual convention. This year, for the first time, North Dakota sent its delegate. Some day not far distant these new Conference societies will be towers of strength to the general work.

— A deaconess working in Glenn Home, Cincinnati, O., was compelled to spend a month in the hospital not long since. Although confined to her bed the greater part of the time, she was yet able to exert an influence in the ward, which resulted in the conversion of two of the patients near her.

— The income of the Woman's Home Missionary Society during the past year has made a gain of over 70 per cent. above that of five years ago. Cincinnati Conference shows a gain of 120 per cent., and Rock River of 235 per cent.

— The appropriations made by the Board of Managers of the W. H. M. S. at its late annual meeting in Chattanooga, Tenn., amount to $315,251 for the coming year. Of this sum $143,616 is unconditional, and $171,635 conditional on its being raised.

— The absence of Mrs. Levi Gilbert, the secretary of Reading Circles in the W. H. M. S., from the convention in Chattanooga, was greatly deplored. Mrs. Gilbert, although unable to be present, owing to a physical mishap received during the year, has faithfully attended to her work, and reports fine increases in her lists.

— Eighty delegates and visitors went on an excursion to Ritter Home, Athens, Tenn., the day following the close of the convention in Chattanooga. They were delighted with what they saw and heard, and went away with new inspiration to labor in this interest.

— The hospital property at Colorado Springs, Col., which has been under the care of a local board for the past two or three years, has now been turned over to the W. H. M. S. It is a fine building, with two or three acres of land, and it is hoped and believed that it will hereafter be operated as a first-class hospital.

— The National Training School in Washington, D. C., has been greatly helped in previous years by receiving donations of canned and dried fruits from auxiliary societies. It is hoped that friends will not fail to send these on. They add greatly to the comfort of the Rust Hall family, and are a decided factor in keeping down expenses.

— A large number of delegates, who were in attendance upon the meeting in Chattanooga, Tenn., visited Rust Hall on the way home. A delightful entertainment, planned by the students especially as a welcome home to Dr. and Mrs. Gallagher, was much enjoyed by these visitors.

— During the past two years *Woman's Home Missions* has added 6,500 subscribers to its lists. At the late annual meeting in Chattanooga the response to Miss Evans' call for increased pledges was most gratifying. Nearly 3,000 additional were pledged for *Woman's Home Missions*, and over 5,000 for *Children's Home Missions*.

— Miss Harriet C. Lamb has entered upon work in connection with the W. H. M. S. as an evangelistic missionary and organizer. Miss Lamb has had much experience in this kind of work, and comes to the Society with the highest recommendations. She has been laboring for some time past within the bounds of Baltimore Conference, where her work is highly commended. Miss Lamb desires to give a portion of her time to churches that can pay for her services, in order that she may be able to serve other congregations needing such service and yet unable to offer remuneration. Pastors desiring the services of an excellent evangelist should address Miss Harriet C. Lamb, care Mrs. Clara L. Roach, 1356 Kenyon St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands of Women Have Kidney Trouble, and Never Suspect It.

An interesting letter to our readers from Mrs. Gertrude Warner Scott, of Vinton, Iowa.

Vinton, Iowa, July 15, 1902.

In the summer of 1898 I was taken violently ill. My trouble began with pain in my stomach, so severe that it seemed as if knives were cutting me. I was treated by two of the best physicians in the county, and consulted another. *None of them suspected that the cause of my trouble was kidney disease.* They all told me that I had cancer of the stomach and would die. I grew so weak that I could not walk any more than a child a month old, and I only weighed sixty pounds. One day my brother saw in a paper an advertisement of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. He bought me a bottle at our drug store, and I took it. My family could see a change in me for the better, so they obtained more and I continued the use of Swamp-Root regularly. I was so weak and run down that it took considerable to build me up again. I am now well, thanks to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, weigh 148 pounds, and am keeping house for my husband and brother on a farm. Swamp-Root cured me after the doctors had failed to do me a particle of good.

Gratefully yours,

Gertrude Warner Scott

The mild and prompt effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Recommended and taken by physicians, used in hospitals, and endorsed by people of prominence everywhere. To prove what Swamp-Root will do for you, a sample bottle will be sent absolutely free, by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root and its wonderful cures. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and be sure to mention reading this generous offer in Boston ZION'S HERALD.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug-stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

OUR BOOK TABLE

AMERICA IN LITERATURE. By George E. Woodberry, Professor of Comparative Literature, Columbia University. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, $1.50, net.

An able survey in condensed form of American literature at significant points in its development. Five lectures take up five pivotal periods or sectional groups of writers, and are named, "The Beginnings," "The Knickerbocker Era," "The Literary Age of Boston," "The South," "The West." Then two others treat in a more general way, "The Achievement," and "Conditions." The most luminous and important chapter, or lecture, seems to us the one on "Achievement," where the author sums up the outcome of American literary endeavor in a trenchant way, and with what is probably substantial justice, although on all such matters there is, of course, room for wide difference of opinion. He names eight authors as those whom the nation as a whole regards as its great writers in pure literature — Bryant, Irving, Cooper, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, and Poe. These, and none besides, he counts worthy to be mentioned in a century's achievement, forming those in our first rank, to whom all others must be put secondary. But these, he says, are themselves in a second class in comparison with the best English or French authors of the century, falling in almost a solid group just below the greatest names in English literature, and above all others who are reckoned as second in England. Their work is distinguished by artistic conscientiousness, purity, and painstaking. "It fails of the highest rank only because it lacks inspiration, passion, that deep stirring of the spirit of man which, with all its cost, is the cause of his highest reach in imagination, intellect, and desire." It may be added that, in Prof. Woodberry's estimation, "Emerson's poetry pierces heaven at the highest altitude of all our bards" — that is, the best of it, where insight, imagination, and the flash of originality combine in an absolutely unconscious simplicity.

THE SECRET NAME. By Jeannette M. Dougherty. Jennings & Pye: Cincinnati. Price, $1.

This is a genial story, humanly sweet and wholesome, with a spiritual atmosphere that makes good breathing. A congenial group of college boys and girls, led by an ideal teacher in the person of Mr. Coleman, a business man of tact, sympathy, common sense and high culture, meet weekly to study the life of Jesus in the same spirit in which they acquaint themselves with the heroes of history; and through a strongly emphasized personal element they enter into an appreciation of Divine manhood. Interwoven with the consecutive and authentic sacred narrative is the charmingly natural social life of the college town and the simple pleasures of the student group. A delightful touch of romance is felt in the portrayal of the two principal characters, Donald and Mildred, and it would be difficult to find in modern fiction a sweeter, purer love-scene. The interest increases as the narrative proceeds, and stronger, fuller tones carry the reader irresistibly forward to the climax. A tragedy, with an evident psychological interest, is perhaps the strongest artistic feature of the book. So logical is it in its bearing upon the story, that even its momentary gloom fails to leave a depressing impression upon the reader. The author has dealt with her theme reverently, and with a sympathy that is magnetic. She has clearly a message to him who has ears to hear, but it is never obtrusive or insistent. A sunny atmosphere pervades the book, and light swift sallies of every-day humor make entertaining reading. While distinctly a novel for young men and young women, its intrinsic merits as a guide to the life and work of Jesus will give it value to all those who need a practical, popular work to arouse or to stimulate their interest in the sacred story. The book is handsomely bound in red, and is finely illustrated by Jules Maurice Gaspard, supplemented by reproductions in half-tone from masterpieces of art.

SHOES AND RATIONS FOR A LONG MARCH; or, Needs and Supplies in Every-Day Life. By H. Clay Trumbull. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York. Price, $1.50, net.

The title to this book of sermons by the veteran editor of the *Sunday School Times* is as original as the sermons themselves. Dr. Trumbull was once an army chaplain, and these discourses have been developed and enlarged mainly from his talks to the soldier boys in camp and field and prison. There are some, also, which owe their being to what he calls "my chaplaincy among students," when he was called on various occasions to speak at Northfield and in other educational institutions. "The Duty of Making the Past a Success" is a very strong, graphic presentation of that theme. "Trusting Better than Worrying," in which he vigorously champions Mary's way as against Martha's, is also a very forcible, timely discourse. There are many such in the volume, but we must not specify further.

SUN RISE: Addresses from a City Pulpit. By Rev. G. H. Morrison, M. A., Glasgow. A. C. Armstrong & Son: New York. Price, $1.

These sermons, or addresses, have much merit. They are brief, thirty in number, averaging about ten pages each, and on topics rather out of the common, which are treated in an original way. Some of the themes are: "A Soul to Let," "The Touchstone of Fact," "The Unlikely Instruments of God," "Is Life a Tragedy?" "Undetected Losses," "Seeming to Have," "The Pagan Duty of Disdain." The title comes from Mal. 4: 2: "Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings." A good book for a minister to turn over and browse in.

A KEYSTONE OF EMPIRE, FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA. By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, $2.25, net.

Francis Joseph is indeed the keystone of the empire of Austria, or Austria-Hungary, as will be sadly realized when he is gone. The biographer of his consort, the late Empress Elizabeth, has now presented the public with a companion volume, describing the oldest of the Old World monarchs. The historical portions serve as a sort of framework for the portrayal of the private life of the Emperor, with many interesting details never before printed. It is seen that he has had many bitter trials, like people of less exalted rank, and that he well deserves the great love wherewith his subjects surround him. The author calls him "the greatest and best sovereign Austria has ever known."

STUDIES IN THE ART OF ILLUSTRATION. By Amos R. Wells. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, $1.25, net.

When the Great Teacher told so often what the kingdom of heaven was like, and related so many parables or little stories, He set an example to all teachers that should forever make it impossible for them to forget either the power of illustration or the chief source from which it should come. Christ drew from daily life, from the common things He saw and heard, lessons of abiding value. Mr. Wells has done this, giving us pictures of truth that have started up to meet him on every side as he has used his eyes and ears. They are very suggestive, and should put all readers into training to use their own neglected organs to better advantage. There is a joy in the discovery of these analogies which is very exhilarating, and a joy in the telling of them. These little sketches, more than one hundred of them, have previously done good in the pages of papers. It was well to gather them into a book for wider or more permanent usefulness.

A FLAME OF FIRE. By Joseph Hocking. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, $1.50.

A really thrilling history of the adventures of three Englishmen in Spain at the time of the Great Armada (1588). It is called a flame of fire, we judge, for two reasons — one being that, as is said on the closing page, "true love is a flame of fire, burning up the dross until nothing that is impure can remain." There was also a mighty flame of fire going up to heaven from every height and headland of England when it was known that God had delivered

TWICE WON

Wife Fell in Love with Husband "All Over Again"

The wife of a well-known attorney at law of Seward, Neb., tells the tale worth reading: "My husband was a soldier in the Civil War and was, as he called himself, 'an old coffee cooler' and had always drank very strong coffee.

"About a year ago he complained of a feeling of faintness every time after climbing his office stairs, and was also troubled by terrible headaches that almost drove him wild.

"He gradually grew weaker and weaker until his affliction culminated in nervous collapse, and for weeks he seemed to be fading away from us in spite of all our efforts.

"The physicians pronounced him strong and well with no organic trouble whatever, and there seemed to be nothing the matter except the complete giving out of his nervous system.

"The doctors decided that coffee was at the bottom of all his trouble and ordered Postum Cereal in its place. He improved daily since he quit coffee and began drinking Postum and now says he feels better than he has felt for 20 years, headaches are gone, no more fainting spells and is gaining in flesh every day, and he seems so much younger and heartier and happier than he has for years that I have fallen in love with him over again.

"Now for my brother's case. A few years ago he had a peculiar trouble. His tongue was swollen and sore at the roots and covered underneath with festers.

"He thought his affliction was of a cancerous nature and his doctor was of the same opinion. He could scarcely eat anything and became so poor and run down he was simply a nervous wreck. He consulted various physicians, but none were able to diagnose his case or help him in the least.

"At last a doctor to whom he applied said he believed my brother was coffee poisoned and advised him to quit coffee and drink Postum. He gave him no medicine, but told him to give Postum a fair trial and return to him in 6 weeks. My brother had used Postum only about ten days when the festers disappeared from his tongue and at the end of two weeks the soreness and swelling were gone and he began to pick up in flesh and spirits.

"He has never touched coffee since, but drinks Postum all the time and has never had the slightest return of the trouble.

"To look at my experience is it any wonder I can write a heartfelt testimonial for Postum?" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for copy of the famous little book. "The Road to Wellville."

the country from the enormous fleet that so long had threatened their liberties. It is a story of reckless daring, chivalry, and hairbreadth escape. The narrator is a young English nobleman who, with two companions, goes straight into Toledo to the rescue of two Englishwomen from the hands of the inquisitors. The apparent hopelessness of the task and seemingly certain and speedy death of the heroes are offset by a resourceful courage that is indomitable.

ROBIN HOOD: HIS BOOK. By Eva March Tappan. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston. Price, $1.50.

The legends of Robin Hood and his Merry Men of Sherwood Forest will never lose their charm for young and old. They are here retold, with six full-page pictures in color, and other illustrations. Robin was not a common outlaw. There was much of good in him, and his influence is deemed to have been, on the whole, a sound one. So this book will give, perhaps, not only pleasure, but profit.

CHILDREN OF THE TENEMENTS. By Jacob A. Riis. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, $1.50.

True stories, fresh from the life of the people as indicated by the note-book of a police reporter closely in sympathy with what he saw. Comedy and tragedy mingle, but mostly the latter. There is plenty of crime and vice in the tenements, but some virtue also, and much that is very pitiful. It is indeed difficult to lay the book down after once taking it up. Many of the chapter-titles are very alluring, and their contents fully bear out the promise: "Difficulties of a Deacon," "A Heathen Baby," "Nigger Martha's Wake," "Sarah Joyce's Husbands," "A Proposal on the Elevated," etc.

THE OUTLOOK FAIRY BOOK. By Laura Winnington. The Outlook Co.: New York. Price, $1.20, net.

This companion volume to the popular "Outlook Story Book" is a collection of the most romantic fairy tales from German, French, Italian and Spanish sources, with a few old fairy ballads. A number of the stories have not before been translated, while many of the old favorites, dear to the hearts of all children, have also been included. Among them we find "Beauty and the Beast," "Wee Willie Winkie," "Goldilocks," the "Sleeping Beauty," "Puss in Boots," and a great variety of others equally interesting. The book is illustrated by an artist who has been very happy in catching the spirit and portraying the creatures and inhabitants of fairyland.

CUNNIE RABBIT, MR. SPIDER, AND THE OTHER BEEF. West African Folk Tales. By Florence M. Cronise and Henry W. Ward. E. P. Dutton & Co.: New York. Price, $1.50, net.

Miss Cronise, who discovered and collected these stories, is a teacher in a mission school of the United Brethren at Rotifunk, Sierra Leone. It is the first time any such have been brought together. They reveal, as nothing else does, the inmost mental life and soul life of the native African. They are stories of animals to whom human qualities and characteristics are ascribed, and are usually triumphs of skill over strength. The Spider appears to be the national hero, the impersonation of the genius of the race. Nearly equal to him in shrewdness and wit is the cunning Rabbit, who, singularly enough, is not a rabbit at all, but the water deerlet or chevrotain. The dialect in which the stories are given, a hopeless jumble of English and African words, makes the reading difficult; but a glossary gives no little help, and with care the meaning can be made out. It is a very remarkable book, wholly out of the common, and gives one a glimpse of the strangest superstitions, the weirdest fancies.

MILADI. By Clara E. Laughlin. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, $1.20, net.

A dozen brief essays on woman's topics and experiences, including the service problem, domestic relations, education, motherhood, and such like matters. Much sensible advice is given. In the chapter on "Paying the Price," for instance, we read: "It is the things we desire that are our best index, and not the things that we have. It is willingness to pay the price of our happiness that gages our real earnestness to have it." She counts the longing for motherhood to be chief among the influences which call women out of the industrial world and back into the world of home; and among those who marry when past girlhood she feels sure that the wistfulness to know the sweets of motherhood is greater, in most cases, than the wistfulness to know the sweets of love. She thinks the alarm at the decline of family life and the outcry against the selfishness of the modern American woman overdone, that there is an ineradicable instinct of reverence for motherhood which will protect her; and that the unmotherly remnant of womankind may safely be left to the invective of the sages and the scorn of their more uplifted sisters — a good thing for the babies, any way, to escape such mothering as they would give.

POEMS OF TENNYSON. Chosen and edited, with an Introduction, by Henry Van Dyke. Ginn & Co.: Boston.

POEMS OF TENNYSON. Edited by Henry Van Dyke and D. Laurance Chambers. Ginn & Co.: Boston.

These two volumes are the same, so far as relates to the selections and the introduction. But the second, which is in the "Atheneum Press" series, has in addition a "Classification of the Metres" of the poet, and 164 pages of notes on the poems. The introduction gives a survey of Tennyson's relation to his homes, a clear account of his life, a study of the way in which he used his material, and an estimate of the leading qualities which characterize his poetry. Dr. Van Dyke has put into this, as he says, "the distilled results of some twenty-five years of intimacy with the poetry of Tennyson." Nothing more need be said to indicate its high value.

MONOLOGUES. By May Isabel Fisk. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, $1.25.

Several of these humorous sketches have been printed in *Harper's Magazine* and others in *Smart Set*. They treat for the most part, with good-natured satire, the foibles and funny ideas of immature, not to say silly and selfish, women. Among them are young housekeepers who make ludicrous mistakes at the butcher's, or demand an hour or so of the time of a busy clerk in the shoe store, or at concerts relate their entire domestic history to the silent rage of their neighbors. One laughs at it some, yet, after all, it is a pitiful exhibition of weakness and folly and something worse at times.

FANNY BURNEY (Madame D'Arblay). By Austin Dobson. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, 75 cents, net.

This is one of the "English Men of Letters" series, edited by John Morley. Miss Burney was born in 1752, and died in 1840. She married M. D'Arbly in 1793, and the latter half of her life (the married part), being very uneventful, is dispatched in a few pages. It was as Miss Burney that she was a successful author — "Evelina," "Cecelia," "Memoirs of Dr. Burney," "Diary and Letters" — and was a friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson and the other literary lights of the day. She was also at court, as the Queen's Dresser — Queen Charlotte — for five years, from 1786 to 1791, but here she did not enjoy herself.

MEN OF THE BIBLE. By W. H. Davis. TRAVELS OF PAUL. By Melvin Jackson. International Committee of Y. M. C. A.: New York.

Two courses of study for boys' Bible classes. A teachers' edition, bound, and students' lesson leaves loose. Worth examining by those in search of such things.

MORE GOOPS; and How Not to be Them. By Gelett Burgess. F. A. Stokes Co.: New York. Price, $1.50.

This is described as "A manual of manners for impolite infants, depicting the characters of many naughty and thoughtless children, with instructive illustrations." The illustrations are the principal feature, and are wonders in their way, very mirth-provoking. The instructions are also given in verse, and will certainly make an impression on the "impolite in-

The New York Daily Tribune

OF course a great deal depends on your own taste in the matter of newspapers. If you want a publication that serves up so much gore and so many thrills in every issue, it is money thrown away to buy the *Tribune*. If, however, you are looking for a daily history of the world, carefully collated and sifted and presented in the most attractive form that the facts and the laws of good taste will permit, you cannot make any mistake in reading the *Tribune* every day. But the *Daily Tribune* is more than a continuous history. It contains special articles on nearly every subject which is supposed to interest intelligent and clean-minded people, to say nothing of the illuminating and instructive editorial articles and reviews of books, music and the drama.

A belated importation landed from the steamship "Silvia," from Hamburg the past week enables Jones, McDuffee & Stratton to add to an already abundant stock of novelties, in china and glassware, which are referred to in another column.

Free Christmas Dinners

for 15,000 of Boston's poor will be supplied by the Salvation Army.

"Please give me some more turkey."

Will you help by sending a donation, no matter how small, to the Salvation Army Headquarters, 850 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED to buy a second-hand 2 manual pipe organ. Address, giving dimensions, condition and terms, B, care ZION'S HERALD.

BLYMYER CHURCH BELLS. UNLIKE OTHER BELLS SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE. OUR FREE CATALOGUE TELLS WHY. Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826. HAVE FURNISHED $5,000 CHURCH, SCHOOL & OTHER BELLS. MENEELY & CO. WEST-TROY, N.Y. PUREST, BEST GENUINE BELL-METAL. CHIMES, Etc. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE.

fants" addressed. Last year's book, by this author, "Goops and How to be Them," has already reached a fifth edition.

ROMANCES OF COLONIAL DAYS. By Geraldine Brooks. T. Y. Crowell & Co.: New York. Price, $1.25, net.

Fact is here mingled with fancy, history seasoned with romance. Some object to this as obscuring the line which separates truth from falsehood. But, after all, in what purports to be soberest history, the imagination and power of selection of the writer plays no small part in coloring the result and shaping the final impression. Nine stories are given here, stretching in time from 1621 (John Alden and Priscilla) to 1785 (Abby Adams and Capt. Smith). Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Virginia, Marblehead, and Portsmouth are the chief places noted. At the latter occurred the wooing of a governor, Sir Benning Wentworth, of New Hampshire, by his serving maid, Martha, who captured him in fine style and became Lady Wentworth. Miss Evelyn Byrd, of Westover, Miss Agnes Surriage, Miss Hannah Waldo, Miss Sally Eve, and Miss Peggy Chew, also figure charmingly in these pages; and the perennial race of lovers will like to peruse these experiences of the past.

ON THE ROAD TO ARCADY. By Mabel Nelson Thurston. A Romance of an Outdoor Girl. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, $1.50.

The illustrations by Samuel M. Palmer, of Wilmington, Del., pen-and-ink sketches which profusely decorate the margins, should have prominent mention, as they add not a little to the pleasure of the reader. Miss Thurston, of Washington, has also done her part well, and we are surprised to learn that this is her first book; but she has written much before in the best periodicals. This is largely a love story — Arcady being reached when the engagement comes off — but there are also woven in many bits of attractive description, and the heroine, Ethelwyn, is a bewitching embodiment of youth and spring.

DR. LAVENDAR'S PEOPLE. By Margaret Deland. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, $1.50.

Six stories, already published in *Harper's Magazine*, are here gathered into a most delightful volume. They are really more of the "Old Chester Tales," with dear old Dr. Lavendar running through them as a sort of connecting link. That they are well done hardly needs saying in view of their authorship. "An Exceeding High Mountain" is, in our judgment, one of the best short stories ever written.

POMIUK: A WAIF OF LABRADOR. By William Byron Forbush. The Pilgrim Press: Boston.

A pleasant story of the Labrador Mission and of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, a "Christian Viking," a brave missionary in those wild regions. Pomiuk is a crippled Eskimo boy, whose experiences give occasion to the little volume. The closing sentence gives the lesson of the story: "That a single deed of thoughtful kindness goes on and on through the years, and no one can tell how far it will go or to what benedictions it may attain."

THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK, and Other Poems and Verses. By Lewis Carroll. With 40 illustrations by Peter Newell. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, $3, net.

Elegance indeed is here, as well as humor, in this sumptuous book, with its elaborate, mirth-provoking pictures and its margins most tastefully adorned with a variety of designs in colors. The poems are from Mr. Carroll's well-known books which have become such classics in their way — "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," "Through the Looking-Glass," "Sylvie and Bruno," "Rhyme and Reason." Some are exceedingly funny, others please by their gross absurdity, and all are entertaining. It makes a gift-book for the holidays, which some favored ones will much enjoy.

LI'L VERSES FOR LI'L FELLERS. By George Vere Hobart. R. H. Russell: New York. Price, $1.40, net.

The illustrations, by E. Mars and M. H. Squire, are handsome and striking, and the verses, written by a father who has thoroughly studied boy ways in the person of his own son, will be highly appreciated by other sons. The picture of Donald Bayne Hobart, "the li'l feller who inspired many of these li'l verses," shows the dearest, most roguish little chap imaginable. It is well suited for a Christmas gift-book.

IN GNOME MAN'S LAND. By O. H. Von Gottschalk. F. A. Stokes Company: New York. Price, 75 cents.

Willie makes a trip through Vegetable Land to find the Kingdom of Flowers. A Gnome is his companion and guides him through many wonderful scenes, and points out to him many marvelous sights, all of which are pictured in this book with amazing fidelity, greatly to the reader's delight, especially if the reader be a child.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SERVICE. By Edith Elmer Wood. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, $1.50.

For lively, spicy, spirited conversation and effective character drawing we have rarely met this book's superior. It is a story of the Navy, and culminates in the battle of Manila, which is strongly pictured. The miserable spirit of politics as contrasted with the lofty tone of our best naval officers is admirably brought out. Captain Cartwright is a personage refreshing to contemplate in this world of shams and shows and small, narrow, calculating natures bent on pampering their own personalities no matter at what sacrifice of high principle and straightforward, upright walking.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, issue some of the best Christmas books for children that are on the market, most of them printed in Bavaria, with beautiful colorings and artistic excellences that always emphasize books or calendars or cards that bear the Ernest Nister imprint. In this year's output we note the following: THE CHILDREN'S ANIMAL BOOK — a large oblong volume, 16½x12 inches, containing, on heavy cardboard leaves, pictures of rabbits, sheep, dogs, hens, ducks, pigeons, ponies, etc., all colored to the life, "too natural for anything." The book will afford endless entertainment for the baby of the family (Price, $1.50). — GOD WITH US: BIBLE STORIES FOR THE LITTLE ONES, written by L. L. Weedon and illustrated by John Lawson ($1.50), is a large square book with brilliant covers and rich-colored full page pictures of leading events in Bible history, illustrating the stories therein told in a simple fashion suited to the young child's comprehension, and printed in large clear type. — DUTTON'S HOLIDAY ANNUAL FOR 1904 ($1.25) is full of stories and pictures both in colors and black-and-white. The volume will be a source of perennial pleasure to any children who find it beside their Christmas stockings. — In stiff paper covers comes THE MODEL BOOK OF DOLLS (50 cents), each page containing a doll and its clothes, to be cut out and pasted by little fingers. — THE MODEL BOOK OF SOLDIERS (50 cents), a book for the boys similar in character to the foregoing, only here we have soldiers, on foot and on horseback, to cut out instead of dollies. — THE BOOK OF CATS (25 cents) shows pussy cats of all sorts, in color and plain, with rhymes scattered among the pictures. — THE BOOK OF BUNNIES (25 cents) has verses about rabbits and colored pictures of these funny little creatures. — SOLDIERS OF THE WORLD (50 cents) is a book for boys, instructive and interesting the colored plates showing troops from the various countries of the world — French, English, Italian, German, Japanese, Russian, etc.

The calendars from the well-known house of E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, are this year more beautiful than ever. They include: VENETIAN CALENDAR ($2) — six large cards, each presenting a charming view, in colors, of places of interest in the lovely "dream city" — St. Mark's Square, Doge's Palace, Grand Canal, Church of St. Maria della Salute, Rialto Bridge, etc. — PEACE BE WITH YOU CALENDAR ($1.50) — four large cards in gold and colors, each having in the centre one of the four Evangelists (St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John) in richly-colored robes on a golden background. — THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS CALENDAR ($1.25) — the cover brilliant in scarlet and gold, followed by twelve cards in heavy black lettering and figures, with odd designs in bits of color in connection with the sentiment for each month. — GLORIA IN EXCELSIS CALENDAR ($1.50) — two large square cards, each with a group of angels, in robes of blue and flame color and pink, standing against a gold background, circular in shape. — THE QUIET ROOM CALENDAR — large square cards, six in number, each carrying an artistic floral design in autumn leaves, berries or flowers, with selections from Whittier, Van Dyke, Miss Havergal, and others, in fancy lettering. — A PARIS CALENDAR ($1.25) — twelve cards with colored pictures, typical Parisian scenes, very attractive to one who has been sojourning in that gay capital. — HIS NAME SHALL BE CALLED WONDERFUL CALENDAR (60 cents) — one thick, heavy oblong card, with Madonna and Child in colors and gold,

On Food

The Right Foundation of Health

Proper food is the foundation of health. People can eat improper food for a time and not feel any ill results until there is a sudden collapse of the digestive organs, and then all kinds of trouble follow.

The proper way out of the difficulty is to shift to the pure, scientific food Grape-Nuts, for it rebuilds from the foundation up. A New Hampshire woman says: "Last summer I was suddenly taken with indigestion and severe stomach trouble, and could not eat food without great pain; my stomach was so sore I could hardly move about. This kept up until I was so miserable life was not worth living.

"Then a friend finally, after much argument, induced me to try Grape-Nuts food and quit my regular food. Although I had but little faith, I commenced to use it, and great was my surprise to find that I could eat it without the usual pain and distress in my stomach. So I kept on using Grape-Nuts, and soon a marked improvement was shown, for my stomach was performing its regular work in a normal way without pain or distress.

"Very soon the yellow coating disappeared from my tongue, the dull, heavy feeling in my head disappeared, and my mind felt light and clear; the languid, tired feeling left, and altogether I felt as if I had been rebuilt. Strength and weight came back rapidly, and I went back to my work with renewed ambition. Today I am a new woman in mind as well as body, and I owe it all to this natural food Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

and with pendent calendar. — THE SNOWBALL CALENDAR (60 cents), a movable holly wreath with snowbirds perched upon it, also twelve little calendars in the shape of snowballs, and with merry children playing with snow in the centre. — OLD TIME MEMORIES (50 cents), a cute calendar for the children, with pretty colored pictures of little people engaged in games or work suited to the month. — OUR BABY'S CALENDAR (50 cents) — the dearest little calendar in blue and white, each of the twelve cards holding in a circle a picture of a little baby girl. — A ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON CALENDAR (50 cents), and a PHILLIPS BROOKS CALENDAR — the old style of calendar, that has a pad from which to tear a leaf for each day in the year — the Stevenson on a card with autumn-leaf design, and the Brooks with goldenrod. Several smaller calendars include: LITTLE LOVERS — a long quaint Japanese card; THE STAR OF HOPE — holly wreath, with pictures of Madonna and Child; THE BRIGHT YEAR — holly wreath and cherubs' heads; DAINTY MESSENGERS, WORDS OF HOPE, and THE JOYFUL YEAR.

The same firm also issue a set of wall banners or cards, with floral ornamentation and illuminated lettering, embracing a thought on "Duty" by Phillips Brooks, "A Morning Thought," "The Quiet Room," "Leading Upward," "Forget-Me-Not," and "Present Duties," each enclosed in a neat envelope of stiff paper ready for mailing (35 cents each).

THE WESLEY MISSIONARY PRAYER CALENDAR for 1904, prepared for the Missionary Society by Mrs. W. F. Oldham, is a gem, and should find place in multitudes of Methodist homes. On the cover appears the Forster portrait of Wesley, followed, on the six cards that form the calendar, with portraits of Charles, Susanna and Mrs John Wesley for January and February; McKinley and Roosevelt for March and April; Bishops Thoburn, Hartzell, Warne and Moore for May and June; Mrs. Wm. Butler, Lucy Webb Hayes, and Frances E. Willard for July and August; Bishop Joyce and Dr. J. F. Berry for September and October; and a picture of the Good Shepherd for November and December. The price is 30 cents, postpaid. All proceeds after expenses are met will go to the Missionary Society. Leagues and Sunday-schools may secure special terms. All orders should be sent to Rev. W. F. Oldham, 57 Washington St., Chicago.

Magazines

— The Christmas number of *McClure's* has nine short stories of unusually high grade, and the beginning of the second part of Miss Tarbell's "History of the Standard Oil Company." John La Farge tells of "One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting." There are many illustrations and decorations in tint and color, including a handsome holly cover design by William Jordan. (S. S. McClure & Co.: New York.)

— *Pearson's* for December contains an illustrated article on the "Social Duties of Mrs. Roosevelt," by Abby G. Baker; a somewhat startling *expose* of "Modern Methods of Finance," by Henry George, Jr.; the "Autobiography of an Australian Kangaroo;" the "Alaska Boundary Question;" "The Automobile;" "Young Men in Congress," and three stories, one of them for Christmas. (Pearson Publishing Company: New York.)

— The *Atlantic Monthly* for December contains an excellent variety. Sir Leslie Stephen tells his experiences as an editor. William Everett writes on the "Last Royal Veto," partly historic, partly prophetic. Charles M. Harvey, in a wholly historic vein, describes "Some Second Term Precedents." Arthur Reed Kimball discusses the "Profession of Publicist," and concludes that there is little opportunity for this calling to get established among the professions. Dr. T. T. Munger treats of "Some Immediate Questions" that are connected with the church. Other articles are on "Road Building among the Moros," "Mr. Kipling's Five Nations," "Vanishing London," and "The New Revelation in Science" — radium. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston.)

— The *Critic* for December is certainly the finest number of that magazine ever issued. It is profusely illustrated with fine specimens of modern illustrative art, connected mainly with articles on "Wagner's Parsifal," "Watts and Ideal Portraiture," "Sacred Themes in Lithograph," "American Painters of the Sea," and the "Sardou-Moreau 'Dante.'" There is a good poem by Walter W. Battershall called "Morituri Te Salutamus," with an introduction by Bishop Potter. (Critic Company: 27 West 23d St., New York.)

— The Christmas issue of *Leslie's Weekly* is brilliant with color — an attractive picture of children opening their Christmas stockings being given on the cover. "Sending the Christmas Basket" is a particularly pleasing frontispiece. Besides the wealth of illustrations, colored and otherwise, there is a supplement — a large card bearing a girl's head in colors and a list of the legal holidays and church holydays. (Leslie's Weekly: New York.)

— The Christmas Number of *Collier's* is attractively gotten up, with a cover design in colors, and a double-page colored supplement — a reproduction of a painting by Frederic Remington, entitled, "The Fight for the Water Hole." It is one of a series of twelve paintings by Mr. Remington for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, depicting the adventures of hardy pioneers who followed the wilderness trail. Stories and poems suitable for the holiday season make an inviting table of contents. (P. F. Collier & Son: 416-424 West 13th St., New York.)

— The Christmas number of the *Bookman* has a resplendent cover, with a burning pudding borne aloft; but the contents have no special reference to the holiday. The main articles are: "The Resources of Mycroft Holmes" — a jibe at Sherlock Holmes' powers; "American Undergraduate Dramatics," and "Leaves from a Barnstormer's Sketch Book." (Dodd, Mead & Co.: New York.)

— *Country Life in America* for December is a special double number — a Christmas Annual, with a cover of unique design, in colors, by W. T. Van Dresser. There are two beautiful frontispieces — "Christmas Eve" and "Christmas Morning," in the former a little nightgowned girl sitting before the big fireplace listening to grandpa's Kris Kringle tales, and in the other a modern little Red Riding Hood going to grandma's, with a big dog (not a wolf) beside her. An enticing Christmas flavor permeates all the pages, articles being provided upon "Christmas in the Pine Woods," "A Christmas Dinner for 300,000 Guests," "Skeeing," "Christmas Games," "Christmas on a Louisiana Plantation," etc. The paper upon "Christmas Greens and Flowers" is a superb exponent of present-day illustrative art, the American Beauty Rose, the White Lilac, Poinsettia, Pine Branch with Cones, Bittersweet, and American Holly fairly startling one with the vividness and lifelikeness of their coloring. With this number, also, a supplement in colors, suitable for framing, is issued — "The Parson's Christmas," a scene in 1850. (Doubleday, Page & Co.: New York.)

— The Christmas Number of *Harper's Weekly* (50 cents) is a superb issue of this always attractive periodical, containing a dozen or more full-page illustrations in color, and smaller pictures in tint, with a dark-blue cover embellished by gold ornamentation and a medallion of the Madonna and Child, richly colored, in the centre. A double page supplement in colors, entitled, "Lighting the Yule Log" — a group of maidens in "ye olden time" costumes — is also given. Many of the stories and poems pertain to Christmastide. (Harper & Brothers: New York.)

— *St. Nicholas* has a Christmas number, like the rest, and provides a plentiful table for its hosts of young readers. Ernest Thompson Seton, Cyrus Townsend Brady, B. L. Farjeon, Carolyn Wells, and Ralph D. Paine, are some of the writers or purveyors at the feast. (Century Co.: New York.)

— The *World's Work* has a very gorgeous cover in green and gold and red, and a rich table of contents. Among the articles that cannot well be skipped are: "New York Public Schools;" "The New Farmer and a New Earth;" "Christmas in Business Life;" "The Post-Office and the People,' " Who Owns the United States?" 'Uncle Joe' Cannon as Speaker," "Surgical Advance in the United States," "Life in the Corn Belt," and a sketch of Governor Taft's achievements in the Philippines by Bernard Moses under the title, "A Great Administrator." (Doubleday, Page & Co.: 34 Union Square, East, New York.)

— In the *World Today* we read with satisfaction "The American Invasion in Canada," 'Korea and International Politics," "San Francisco under a Labor Mayor," "The German View of America," "Christian Service in City Slums," "Shorthand and Brains," "California in Winter," and several other articles, all by good writers. (World Today Company: 87 Wabash Ave., Chicago.)

— The *American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal*, for November and December, treats of "Excavations at Abydos," "Destruction of Monuments in Egypt," "Sun Dance of the Ponca Indians," "The Philippine Tree Dwellers," and other such topics. (5817 Madison Ave., Chicago.)

— The October number of *Records of the Past* has articles on the "Boro Budur Temple of Java," the "Buddhist Relic Mound at Sopara," the "Egypt Exploration Fund," and "Recent Mammoth Discoveries." The age of the one lately found buried in ice in northern Siberia, which has been set by some, rather wildly, at 10,000 years, the editor thinks cannot be more than 30,000. (Records of the Past Exploration Society: 215 Third St., S. E., Washington, D. C.)

— The special features of *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for December are a sketch of Speaker Cannon of the House of Representatives; a sketch of M. Bunau-Varilla, who represents the new Panama Republic at Washington; an illustrated survey of the Carnegie art exhibits at Pittsburg, by Ernest Knaufft; an article on portrait shows apropos of the exhibition now in progress in New York, by Frank Fowler. There are also sixteen illustrated pages of notes on the new novels, historical, biographical, and travel books, juveniles, and holiday gift books. The editor, in "The Progress of the World," deals with the Panama situation, Cuban reciprocity, and other topics of the month. (Review of Reviews Co.: New York.)

— The green-and-gold cover of the Christmas *Harper's* is gorgeous, and the contents are very attractive. The illustrations are, many of them, in tints and colors, and the articles present a bewildering variety of excellence. To be especially mentioned are: "The Playground of Paris" (meaning the Bois de Boulogne), "Beginnings of the American Navy," "The Lords of the Sahara," "The University of St. Petersburg," "Peire Vidal — Troubadour," and, "Is English Becoming Corrupt?" (Harper & Brothers: New York.)

The December number of *Lippincott's* has a novel by Helen Milecete, called "The Fascinating of Mr. Savage," and eight short stories, together with part four of "Avowals," by George Moore. (J. B. Lippincott Company: New York.)

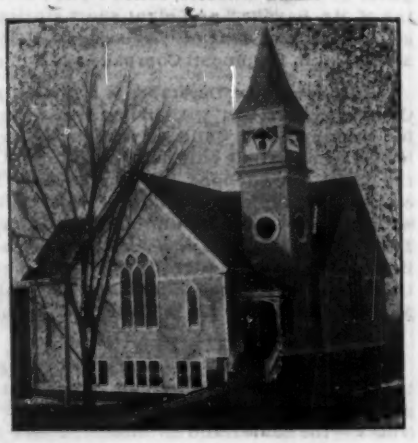
— *Donahoe's* for December is a distinctively Christmas number, with Bouguereau's beautiful Madonna and Child as a frontispiece, followed by an article entitled, "The Christ Child the Ideal of Childhood," by Rev. John T. Driscoll. Other subjects include: "The Catholic Sailors' Club of Montreal," "The Bridesmaids' Trip," "Christmas Myths and the People who Believe in Them," "The Failure of Irving's Dante," with stories and poems. (Donahoe's Magazine Company: 18 Boylston St., Boston.)

The Chicago & Northwestern Railway gives the traveler to the West and Northwest the perfection of train service, with its *six fast trains* — the "Overland Limited," in less than three days to California; the "Chicago and Portland Special," three days to Oregon and Washington; the "Colorado Special," one night to Denver; the "Northwestern Limited," to St. Paul and Minneapolis; the "Duluth Fast Mail," to the head of the Lakes; the "Copper Country Express," to Calumet, Marquette, and Lake Superior points. Favorable rates and diversity of route. Round trip tickets to Pacific Coast on sale daily. For tickets, sleeping car reservations, maps and full information call or write J. E. BRITTAIN, Gen. Agt., 300 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Dedication at Union, Maine

The new Methodist Episcopal Church at Union, Maine, Rev. Albert L. Nutter, pastor, was dedicated, Wednesday evening, Nov. 18. The preacher of the occasion was Rev. Charles A. Crane, D. D., of People's Temple, Boston, and right royally for an hour did he hold the attention and inspire the hearts of the crowded congregation as with glowing zeal and well-thought-out discourse he told how Jesus Christ was King of kings and Lord of lords — in the material universe, in the affairs of men, in our own nation, in the thinking of mankind, in the human body, in life and in death, and in the glory land. The text was Rev. 19: 16. The sermon was impressively illustrated by references to scientific discoveries, to human history, and to incidents of personal observation. The dedicatory order of service as given in the Discipline was closely observed. The introductory was by the pastor of the church. The 868th hymn was read by Rev. C. F. Smith, of Sheepscot, and prayer was offered by Rev. Charles A. Plumer, chaplain of the State Prison in Thomaston. A solo was sung by Mrs. A. M. Perry, of Rockland; the first lesson was read by Rev. R. A. Colpitts, of Vinal Haven, and the second by Rev. L. L. Hanscom, D. D., of Rockland. Then following the 860th hymn, which was read by Rev. W. C. Baker, of South Thomaston, came the sermon by Dr. Crane. After the sermon a most appropriate anthem was sung by the choir, directed by Dr. Luce; the 122d Psalm was read by Rev. A. H. Hanscom, pastor of our church at Thomaston; the 870th hymn was read by Rev. T. A. Hodgdon, pastor at Waldoboro; the trustees — Messrs. J. D. Thurston, Dr. H. H. Plumer, C. H. Harding, John Creighton, and H. M. Robbins — advanced to the altar, and J. D. Thurston for them presented the church for dedication. The declaration and prayer of dedication were pronounced by Rev. Thomas F. Jones, the presiding elder. The doxology was sung, and the services closed with the benediction by Rev. A. T. McWhorter, of the Congregational Church at Union.

By this dedication there is added to the churches of Rockland District an edifice which, for convenience, comfort, and finish within and without, will take rank with the best in the Conference. It is a wooden structure, with well-proportioned bell-tower, slate-roofed, with ample Sunday-school room, and class-rooms below. Above, the main auditorium is faced by a social service room with lifting doors paneled with glass between. The inside woodwork is cypress, finished in oil and shellac. The ceiling is steel throughout, finished in delicate tints of brown and olive, with dainty decorations of gold leaf and darker colors. The pews are of the latest pattern — a light-colored oak, with ends of quartered oak richly carved and paneled. Three large windows of cathedral style chiefly light the church. Two of these are memorials, and are placed on opposite sides of the auditorium — one the gift of Mrs. H. M.



M. E. CHURCH, UNION, MAINE

Robbins for Jason and Lavina Ware; the other a gift of Mrs. Anna Hagar Ladd for her mother, Nancy Hagar. There is also a window of smaller size by Mrs. Wesley Butler, in memory of her husband and son. The large window in the front was placed by the Epworth League, and will be a lasting token of the earnest life and purpose of the Methodist young people of Union. The steel finish in the audience-room is a memorial of Mrs. Mary A. Libby by M. A. Fendrick and Robert Clark. Two other gifts should be spoken of at this time — one an Estey organ for the auditorium by Mrs. A. F. Southworth; the other an elegant individual communion set, valued at $75, the gift of Mrs. A. W. Pike, of Stamford, Conn., a memorial to the Zwinglius Collins family. The whole building is fitted with acetylene gas fixtures. The chandeliers and wall lamps are of burnished brass and of a chaste pattern. In the building of this church, while many have worked and sacrificed splendidly, great praise should be credited to the building committee, Mrs. J. D. Thurston,

REV. A. L. NUTTER

H. H. Plumer, M. D., and John Creighton, but for whose persistent courage and untiring endeavor the completion of the work had been long delayed; and to Rev. A. L. Nutter, by whose faithful pastoral oversight the spiritual life of the church has been kept at high-water mark.

Presiding Elders' Convention

Never in the history of New England Methodism have the presiding elders enjoyed so delightful, inspiring and profitable a privilege as at the first meeting of the Association of New England Presiding Elders held in Boston, Dec. 8 and 9. The attendance was large, numbering twenty-one of the twenty-three presiding elders whose residences are in New England. The program was full, embracing almost every topic that might be thought important and interesting relative to the elder himself and the work of his district.

The papers, which were limited to fifteen minutes, were almost, without exception, carefully prepared — fresh, crisp, strong presentations of mature thought upon the subjects treated. The discussions were suggestive, illuminative, excellent. Some topics called out extended discussion, as the "Mutual Church Insurance Company," "Our Conference Seminaries," and "The Federation of Churches." Revs. J. I. Bartholomew and J. H. Mansfield were appointed to communicate with the officers of the Church Insurance Company of Chicago concerning certain complaints and criticisms that are frequently met on all the districts.

The convention was honored by the presence of Bishop Mallalieu, and by a characteristic and stirring address, in which various matters of

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importance were impressed upon our attention. The Bishop spoke highly of the Presiding Elders' Association as an important and wise measure that should tell for the solidarity of Methodism in New England; of our secondary schools as never more needed than now — that they should be liberally supported by our rich men — and of the hopefulness of their present condition; of the Jesse Lee Fund for the Chair of Preaching — that it should be established by the persistent and combined endeavor of New England Methodists; of our foreign population — that our church must do more for them, that to carry them the Gospel is the business of the Methodist Episcopal Church particularly; of the importance of urging our people to clear church debts; of prohibition in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont; of camp-meetings — a good thing, properly conducted — that the young people should be interested and set at work in them, and that camp-meeting associations should board and lodge the ministers who attend; of the Week of Prayer and its opportunities for revival work — that group meetings are an excellent plan for such a time, that he would have the presiding elders send out a card to their preachers requesting them to observe Dec. 30 31 as days of prayer as a preparation for the Week of Prayer, and for a special anointing from on high.

The devotional services held in connection with the convention were times of refreshing and inspiration. God's presence was manifest in every session. The social, intellectual and spiritual value of the convention to the members of the Association is not to be computed, and the results to the districts of the New England Conferences should be salutary in a marked degree.

The following matter of business may be of interest to our churches. The president and secretary of the Association were made a committee to draw up a memorial to the next General Conference relative to the membership of the presidents of Ladies' Aid, Woman's Foreign Missionary, and Woman's Home Missionary Societies in the quarterly conference. A resolution of thanks to the trustees of Boston University and the Wesleyan Association for their esteemed courtesy in providing the Association its place of meeting, were unanimously adopted; and to the Wesleyan Association for the kind invitation to their annual meeting and the annual dinner at Young's Hotel. It was a privilege and opportunity not to be forgotten. The elders of New England as a body have a clearer idea and a more intelligent grasp of the relation of ZION'S HERALD to our New England Methodism and of *their* relation to the HERALD, than had been possible had they not heard and *felt* the forceful reports and addresses, and seen the noble body of men of which the Wesleyan Association is composed.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, W. T. Perrin, Ph. D.; secretary and treasurer, T. F. Jones; executive committee, the president and secretary ex-officio, and the presiding elders of Lynn, Dover and Providence Districts.

ONE OF THE P. E.'s.

THE CONFERENCES

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Dover District

Lawrence, St. Mark's. — This church believes in itself and in its future. The Sunday-school has healthy growth, as the attendance of 158 for Nov. 22 shows. The church has been shingled and the heating apparatus improved at a cost of $300, of which the Epworth League, under the leadership of its president, Mr. John Holt, has assumed $100. The Junior League, in charge of Mrs. Ephraim Searle, has an average attendance of 20. The pastor, Rev. James G. Cairns, still continues his studies during the week at Boston University School of Theology.

Salisbury marches on at its own steady pace and after its own fashion. The evangelistic services, in which the pastor, Rev. G. A. McLucas, was assisted by brethren from surrounding charges, were very helpful to the church and the entire community. Miss Sarah M. Moulton, superintendent of the Sunday school, has an able assistant in Miss Grace Pettingill, who managed a very successful harvest concert, of which the singing of the primary department, under the direction of Mrs. John Gibbons, was a marked feature. The average attendance for the last quarter was 109. Mrs. McLucas holds herself ready for duty where she may be most needed. On the evening of Nov. 12 she filled an appointment for her husband at Ring's Island, in order that he might attend the quarterly conference and make his reports. Dr. J. F. Spaulding, who practices medicine every day of the week and preaches on Sunday at Hope Chapel, has been encouraged in his evangelistic efforts by seeing three express their desires for the Christian life.

Methuen. — Rev. W. F. Ineson is making himself felt in the community. The evening congregations have been increasing for the last two months as the result of popular topics and order of service. In full connection from probation 1 has been received, and 2 by letter. Edwin Hutchins, superintendent of the Sunday-school, reports an average attendance of 127 for September. The president of the Epworth League, Asa L. Harris, reports nine new members for the quarter. The work at Marsh's Corner, under the direction of Samuel Emerson, is in good condition.

Lawrence, Garden St., is as active as ever in the work of the Lord. The evening services have been transferred from the vestry to the auditorium, and the pastor, Rev. A. J. Northrup, has been preaching a series of interesting sermons, each one of which has been preceded by a half-hour musical program that includes congregational singing, solos, and anthems by a fine chorus choir. The church is well filled each Sunday night. Recently 2 have been received on probation, and 4 have joined by letter. A company of boys has been organized, with the name, "Geo. P. Wilson Cadets;" eighteen have signed the papers, and Charles Daniels has been chosen president and Herbert Abbott captain. May the president and captain have the satisfaction of seeing these lads grow into as great usefulness as the noble man whose name they have adopted! Of course, all the bills of the society are paid to date. The secret is, the finance committee gets on, and keeps on, a *tremendous hustle*, which stimulates everybody to subscribe something and to pay it regularly and promptly.

Lawrence, St. Paul's, under the leadership of Rev. William Woods, keeps something new going all the time. The last thing was "Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party," given in the vestry by the Epworth League for the purpose of paying for their piano. Every seat was taken and many stood; the playful side of youth was sat-

When Were Ferris Hams First Used?

A Remarkable Find at Barcelona Raises the Question.

Many years ago the town of Barcelona, N. Y., on the shore of Lake Erie, was an important trading point—vessels of every description landing or taking on cargoes of goods, produce, etc. For nearly one hundred years Barcelona has been an almost abandoned fishing station, but now it is a famous resort of visitors to Chautauqua, for it is a picturesque place, with its old light-house, its beautiful harbor and tree-covered shore. And here begins our story:

In July last, John W. Pritchard visited Barcelona, and found on the lake-shore what appeared to him might be a petrified Ferris Ham, or, because of its diminutive size, a Ferris Hamlet. This stone he mailed to F. A. Ferris & Co., of this city, with the following letter:

NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1903.

F. A. FERRIS & CO., DEAR SIRS: I recently made a trip to the old town of Barcelona, N. Y., on Lake Erie, and while wandering along the shore of the Lake, I picked up a flat stone that is so exactly the shape of one of your delicious Hams that I am mailing it to you in separate package. I think you will be struck with the peculiar shape of the stone, as was each of the company who made up our party.

Sincerely yours, JOHN W. PRITCHARD.

Reproduction of a Ferris Ham.

Slightly Reduced Reproduction of the Stone Souvenir.

Frank A. Ferris, in acknowledging receipt of the souvenir, wrote us thus:

NEW YORK, AUGUST 14, 1903.

MR. JOHN W. PRITCHARD, DEAR SIR: We have your favor of the 13th and the quaint souvenir of which it advises us.

We have sometimes rather prided ourselves on the age of our house and it seemed somewhat of an honor to look back to a continuous business covering the period from 1836. But this token carries us back to the Geologic ages and we may have to put more millions of years to express the date of the founding of the Ferris Ham according to this natural model than would be convenient frequently to write. Did you notice that there is a sort of pinch off at the top where the blue tape should go?

Thanking you for this kindly and interesting communication, I remain,
With best wishes, Faithfully yours, FRANK A. FERRIS.

We cannot but wish that our ancestors of prehistoric ages might really have had the opportunity of enjoying the delicious Ferris Hams, when we consider how large a part they make up of the pleasures of our own menu.

isfied, and the old were helped to retain their youth. The Boys' Brigade now numbers 25, and the interest is good. Mr. Woods recently gave the Junior League a lecture on "Benjamin Franklin," which pleased the little people very much. Young and old are interested in the Sunday school. To hold boys in our Bible school we need to know how to get their fathers and mothers into the classes and keep them there. Boys copy the doings of men. The school that has a corps of men is sure to have a lot of boys. This school, on Nov. 15, without any unusual exercise, numbered 228.

South Tamworth. — We arrived on the evening of Nov. 23 at West Ossipee, as "the shades of night were falling fast," and the damp snow was falling faster. Rev. W. S. Frye, enveloped in a coon-skin coat, met us, and after buttoning up our own fur wrap, we sped behind the parish horse until we reached the little village of South Tamworth, nestled in between the Ossipee Mountains on the south and Passaconaway and Paugus on the north. An intelligent audience of a score came out in the storm to the service, which was conducted in full form, including an anthem. The quarterly conference, held after the preaching, was interesting from the systematic manner in which all the details of Sunday-school work were presented. The average attendance has been 37 for the quarter, and the number in the Home Department is 53. Rolfe L. Smith and Edward Bradbury, respectively superintendent of the main school and superintendent of the Home Department, are "up" on modern methods. A well has been finished and a pump put into the parsonage. Even in this unusually dry season, when many farmers are bringing water from the mountain streams, this well has in it five feet of delicious water. The friends of Mrs. Frank Whiting, president of the Ladies' Social Union, will be glad to know that she is slowly recovering from an illness that has kept her in bed for more than two months.

Tuftonboro. — We were met Tuesday at Ossipee Centre by Rev. C. M. Tibbetts, and carried seven miles up hill to Tuftonboro Corner, where Boreas stores wind when not using it elsewhere. The clouds were low and dark, tumbling in on one another, then rebounding, opening vistas of beauty as they rolled apart and revealing landscapes fifty miles deep diversified by valleys, lakes, and mountains. Anon, shutting in again on one another, the clouds hid the view, bulged out their cheeks, and whistled derisively in the traveler's ears. Four faithful sisters had gathered about the box stove in the church to meet the elder and hold quarterly conference. Last month Mr. Tibbetts spent a week in parish work among the families of this community, going on foot from house to house, accepting their hospitality for food and lodging, and presenting the things of the kingdom to the people. The good effects of a "gospel in shoes" is already seen in the larger attendance at the Sunday afternoon services. Mrs. Cora Richardson, superintendent of the Sunday-school, is now teaching the district school at the Corner.

Moultonville. — Seven miles down hill brought us to the parsonage, where the presiding genius had provided a substantial supper for two hungry Methodist preachers. The reports at the quarterly conference in the evening showed that Mr. George M. Loring had been elected superintendent of the Sunday-school; that Mrs. Loring had been chosen president of the Epworth League; that the Ladies' Aid had netted $68 at a fair; that the parsonage had been shingled; and that the pastor was paid to date.

Haverhill, Third Church. — Rev. J. T. Hooper's report to the quarterly conference showed that the audiences are increasing, and that there is growth in all departments. Miss Lizzie Hall, who has done excellent work as president of the Junior League, has been elected to the office of steward. Mr. Henry Miett has been chosen president of the Epworth League. The election held to choose a delegate to the next lay electoral conference resulted in the choice of Mr. Sherman Marshall, with Mr. Henry Miett as alternate.

Nicholsville is conducted as a branch of the Third Church, although the two places are three miles or more apart. There are about 125 persons who live within a half-mile of the little chapel for whose benefit the work was started. Rev. J. T. Hooper holds a prayer-meeting here each Friday night with an attendance of from twenty to thirty, in addition to his preaching service on Sunday afternoons. Arrangements have been made to carpet the platform, which will make the chapel more cheery and homelike.

Haverhill, First Church. — Rev. G. W. Farmer is a "fit," according to the opinion of his official members. Last quarter 5 were received on probation, and 1 in full from probation, and 3 joined by letter. A new choir has been organized, with Mr. Ray for leader; a Junior League has also been formed, with 24 members; a men's club with 20 members is about to be organized; and the Epworth League, under the presidency of Mr. Theodore Barrows, has taken in six new members. On the afternoon before Thanksgiving Mr. Farmer united three couples in marriage, and in the evening the pastor and his wife were surprised by their friends, who left all sorts of supplies for the larder, among which was a brace of fine turkeys; so there was thanksgiving at the parsonage for quite awhile.

Portsmouth is having a gracious outpouring of the Spirit. The inspiration of the Hedding Camp-meeting was followed up in the class-meetings. Rev. Thomas Whiteside, with the insight of a true pastor, saw that a revival carried on by the personal work of his own people would net more to the church and the community than any efforts in which an evangelist is the chief factor. One by one the workers consecrated themselves to obey the call of duty; three persons were converted; then came extra services, in which the pastor was assisted by brethren from other charges; but the responsibilities were taken by the members themselves. On Nov. 30, when we held the third quarterly conference, the meetings had been running every night for five weeks; nineteen adults had confessed Christ, ten of whom were men; twenty children had expressed a purpose to live for the Master and been placed under proper leadership; a number of backsliders had been reclaimed, and the work was still going on in power. Several elements have contributed to this glorious state of spiritual life. During the quarter the pastor has made 237 calls; the leaders, Messrs. Geo. Breed and James Bilbruck, have been faithful; the superintendent of the junior department of the Sunday-school, Miss Edith Paul, has wisely led her pupils to understand the things of the kingdom; Mrs. Abbie Chadwick, superintendent of the kindergarten, has been very tactful in directing the thoughts of the little folks and through them in reaching their parents; Miss Miriam Schurman has spared no pains in leading the Junior League; the Epworth League, under the presidency of Mr. John T. Davis, has been ready to assist young men and women in the right direction; in short, the entire official board of the church has thrown its influence into this revival. No wonder that the increase of interest in the Sunday-school, with Mr. Breed for superintendent, has brought to the front the need of new accommodations for the growing classes. On Sunday, Nov. 29, Miss Shibata, of Japan, spoke on missions to an interested audience, and ten new members for the W. F. M. S. were secured. The Standard Bearers and their friends met the following Monday evening at the parsonage, and listened to an address from Miss Shibata, after which light refreshments were served. The Junior League supports a scholarship in Foochow at $30 a year.

Newfields. — Rev. I. B. Miller at the last communion received on probation and baptized 2. He has formed a men's class in Sunday-school with six members. A new chapter of the Epworth League has been organized with thirteen members, of which Miss Eva Goodrich is the president.

Greenland. — Harmony, good-will, and prosperity prevail in all phases of church work. Rev. B. P. Wilkins has baptized 2 and received them on probation. Of the $237 that the new driven well has cost, $192 have been paid, of which the Ladies' Society contributed $50. Plans are on foot for a new carpet for the vestry floor. Mrs. Wilkins is still with her parents in Methuen, Mass., but is much improved in health, and is expected soon to cheer the parsonage with her presence.

Epping has taken a new lease of life. On Thursday, Dec. 3, an old-fashioned "quarterly meeting" was held, the arrangements for which had been made by Rev. S. F. McGuire. A love-feast commenced at 7 o'clock in the evening, and lasted for forty minutes; the elder then spoke on "Methods of Christian Work" for half an hour; the Lord's Supper followed, and then came the third quarterly conference. It was a time of refreshing to the souls of all who were present. This is the true idea of a Methodist quarterly conference. If the local churches will plan to make the conferences seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, we shall hear no more about the alleged uselessness of second and third quarterly conferences. When the officials of the church are filled with religious enthusiasm, business can be dispatched in one-half the usual time. Mr. Moses Hall has for some time held meetings at West Epping, and in response to his invitation Mr. McGuire has conducted a few services there, in which two have been converted. The evening services on Sunday have nearly doubled since the coming of the new pastor. The people are very hopeful.

J. M. D.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Lewiston District

Long Island. — Rev. Felix Powell has been holding special services for several weeks. He has put soul and body into the work. The investment has paid. Rev. J. M. Potter, the elder, and others have assisted. There have been some remarkable cases of conversions and reclamations, and the church has been greatly quickened. We can report more definitely later. All the benevolent collections, excepting missions, have been raised and apportionments met. How is that for Long Island? Finances are up to date. Mrs. Powell is a fine worker.

Yarmouth. — The pastor has made 280 calls the last quarter. Two classes have an average aggregate attendance of 48; the three classes had a total attendance of 72 one week. What other church in Maine, or in New England, can show so large an attendance in proportion to its membership? Interesting Harvest Sunday exercises netted a good sum for the Deaconess Home in Portland; and similar exercises at Freeport brought good things to the parsonage larder. All departments of church work move on successfully. It has been a year of affliction. In July Rev. C. A. Brooks lost a sister, and in September Mrs. Brooks lost her mother. Mrs. Brooks and little Dwight have hovered near the border-land.

East North Yarmouth. — Sunday, Nov. 8, was a red-letter day with this church. The vestry has been enlarged one-half and put in fine condition, and this was the day of re-opening. Rev. J. W. Jordan, of Yarmouth, who is supplying

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Sunday mornings, preached an excellent sermon to a fine congregation in the morning, and another large congregation came out in the evening when the elder preached. Short addresses were made by Revs. Immanuel Taylor, of Lisbon Falls, and J. W. Jordan. The singing was fine. Rev. C. D. Blaisdell and his aunt occupy the parsonage, and he takes charge of the evening services.

Rumford Falls. — On our arrival, Nov. 14, Hon. Waldo Pettengill, who has been the principal factor in the building of this bustling town, met us at the station, and behind his spirited horse took us to ride over the place. To indicate its growth in ten or eleven years, we note these facts: Then there was nobody here, now there are 6,000 inhabitants; the monthly pay-roll of the mills is over $125,000; the rail-road pay-roll is another $25,000. One mill manufactures ten millions, or from eight to ten car-loads, of paper bags each twenty-four hours. Three new churches have been organized the last year. There are but very few old people in the place. On Sunday morning the church was full; the Sunday school is large and growing; the kindergarten department is a model. We wish the entire Conference next spring could see it just as we saw it. It would be full of suggestion and inspiration. The church is having a steady and healthy growth on all lines. Rev. George A. Martin has a strong and steadily-tightening grip upon the community, and his wife is held in equally high esteem. Finances are up to date, and the elder is paid in advance. A weekly bulletin is issued. The committees are already appointed to arrange for the Conference. A unique and generous habit of this church is to give any over-plus that is paid in on the salary account to the pastor's wife. Mrs. Martin's pin money from this source amounted to about $40 last year. There is no patent on this plan!

Rumford. — The evening of Nov. 15 was cold and dark, but a good congregation was present, and the reports showed harmony and prosperity. Rev. H. C. Munson is giving a series of lecture-sermons on astronomy. (Epworth Leagues who are planning courses of entertainments will do well to make a note of this.) Mr. Munson is a very busy man. On alternate Sunday afternoons he preaches in Hanover, where there is a growing interest. He is a scientist and a poet of no mean order.

Norway. — At our last visit here, Nov. 13, Rev. G. B. Hannaford preached an excellent, sermon to a good congregation. At the quarterly conference the reports showed that Rev. B. F. Fickett and wife are keeping up their record of work and success. This is the truth in a nutshell. His local preachers had reports of service rendered. Norway is in a good way.

Bolster's Mills and *South Harrison.* — Rev. G. W. Barber, the pastor, is a very effective superannuate. Things are moving well. At Bolster's Mills new memorial and album windows have taken the places of the old plain ones. The finest, which is in the rear of the pulpit, was presented by Rev. W. N. Richardson, of the New England Conference. He preached here when he was a young man, and here he married his wife — Miss Knight; and the window is a memorial to the Knight family. Others bear the names of Rev. A. B. Lovewell, Freeman Pike, and other noble men and women of precious memory. Good congregations greeted the elder, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 22, when he preached, and in the evening when he spoke on temperance. Mr. Barber will live at Bolster's Mills this winter. In addition to all his other work he has recently canvassed the towns of Baldwin and Raymond in the interest of the Maine Bible Society.

Bethel. — The pastor, Rev. F. C. Potter, is, as usual, full of work and push. Special services have been held at Locke's Mills with good results — one clear conversion and one reclamation, and the church edified. Services are kept up at Mason, and Mr. Potter is to supply at West Bethel during the winter. The parsonage cellar has been put in fine shape, and a furnace has been placed in the same. Good for Bethel! Extra services are planned for January.

Personal. — A beautiful little one, Marjorie Neva Beem, winged her way to the parsonage at Cumberland, Oct. 27. But earth is not so bright and beautiful and warm as heaven, so she took her flight back again on Sunday, Nov. 22. The elder officiated at the funeral, which occurred the day before Thanksgiving, and on the twelfth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Beem's wedding day.

Miscellaneous. — Will pastors please put in some more vigorous work in the interest of ZION'S HERALD? Look after the benevolences. The Conference year will be a short one. Remember that Bishop Vincent has a special horror of *blanks*. We confess to a good deal of sympathy with the good Bishop; and if any busy and hard-pressed pastor thinks we have no right to so earnestly exhort on these matters, we confidently appeal to our record, both as to the HERALD and the benevolences. Pardon the egotism!

Numbers of pastors are helping each other, and are seeing the salvation of God. Let us plan for victory all along the line. The elder will be glad to help so far as time and strength will allow.

We advise that the election of delegates and reserves to the Lay Electoral Conference be held as soon as may be. All members of the church twenty-one years old and over are entitled to vote.

Please do not neglect to take a collection for General Conference expenses. Remember, it is to meet a long way from the centre, and that it is to grapple with important subjects, among which will be the consolidation of the benevolences. Think of that!

A Delightful Social Function was the tenth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Blanchard, of North Conway, N. H., which occurred on the evening of Nov. 2 at the Sunset House. Nearly two hundred guests were present at the reception. The Methodist church and congregation were present almost in a body, and the other churches were largely represented. Music Hall is the most notable room for such occasions in that section, and the decorations were superb. Among those present were Rev. W. S. Jones, D. D. (who performed the marriage ceremony when they became one), and Mrs. Jones, Rev. C. L. Banghart and wife, and the relatives of this popular couple. Dr. Jones made some happy remarks. Mrs. Banghart and Mr. Snyder rendered beautiful vocal solos. Other literary exercises were interspersed. Mrs. Blanchard's grandfather was Rev. Thomas Watson, a Methodist preacher of much repute; and her father, Bernet Sawyer, is a local preacher. Mr. Blanchard's father was a class-leader for forty years. They are the publishers and editors of the *White Mountain Reporter*, and are prominent officials of the Methodist Episcopal Church, loyal to all its interests. May they have many happy returns of the day!

Correction. — The address of Rev. W. T. Chapman is New Hartford, and not North Hartford, Conn. We shall be glad if he has numerous calls for special service on Lewiston District.

A. S. L.

Portland District

South Portland, People's Church. — There seems to have been a constant rise in the spiritual thermometer of this church since the coming of Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Lord. Converts were added to the church almost from the first. Mrs. Lord went to the altar one evening leading eight out of her Sunday-school class of fourteen boys — between the ages of twelve and fourteen. Twelve of the class are now professing Christians. Great interest is taken in the Sunday-school and in Epworth League work. There are thirty sets of the Epworth League Reading Course used, and about the same number of persons are taking "Bible Studies in the Life of Christ." There is a grand outlook for this church. During the week we were assisting the pastor in revival services, when six people were converted, among them a man above sixty years old. The interest in the meetings still continues.

Knightville. — This church, also, is feeling the thrill of a new impulse. A chorus of children under the direction of a precentor furnishes music for the services, which indeed is an attractive feature to the people who worship here. It is not often that we find a church paying its pastor in advance, but it is true in this case, and also true in regard to the People's Church, according to the pastor's report. A fine turkey, with all the "appurtenances belonging thereunto," was presented to Rev. W. P. Lord and family for a Thanksgiving dinner, by one of the "elect ladies" of the Knightville church.

B. C. W.

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EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

Rockland District

Southport. — In spite of the loss of their church, this little society, under the enthusiastic leadership of their pastor, Rev. W. A. Hanscom, is pressing on with courage. The quarterly conference was the most inspiring we have ever attended. Having looked their circumstances in the face — and they were disheartening — beginning with the proposition, "Our church is burned," the following epitomizes the official action: "We will build a new church; we will begin as soon as a thousand dollars are in sight; we will have a building committee *now*, and a location committee, and a soliciting committee." These committees were appointed and are at work. By motion the conference closed with prayer and the doxology. On the Sunday following large congregations assembled for services in the town hall. In the evening five rose for prayers. Since that time some thirty have been converted. The church is *alive*. Prosperity has been the order for months. On quarterly meeting Sunday 2 were received into full membership and 2 baptized by the presiding elder.

East Pittston Circuit. — Four days with Pastor Harris gave us fine opportunity to taste the

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length and breadth of his work. This circuit extends from the Kennebec to the eastern part of Whitefield. A loss to the church and community has been felt in the death of the Hon. C. C. Libby, M. D., a brother of Rev. C. E. Libby, a former president of Rust University, and member of this Conference. Resolutions of sorrow and sympathy were adopted by the quarterly conference. The church building is progressing. The steel ceiling is to be ordered immediately. Church interests are being well cared for by a very busy pastor.

Randolph and *Chelsea.* — During the quarter 1 has been received on probation, 4 from probation, and 3 by letter, and 4 have been baptized. These facts signify a great advance in the life of this church under the faithful labors of Rev. C. W. Lowell. A hundred dollars have been secured on the parsonage debt, which has remained in *statu quo* for the past five years. A new and novel method of raising funds has been discovered by the janitor of this church, who found one of the minarets of the edifice turned into an apiary by a homeless colony of bees. Fifty pounds of as fine honey as e'er was found in church or garden was obtained from this hive, and turned into funds that will provide the church with fuel and light for the winter.

Benevolences, etc. — Dear Brethren: Are you attending to them? Do not forget that this year is shorter than usual, owing to General Conference. Do not delay them any longer. Be bound to get your apportionment in full.

Are you preparing for special services? Why not begin now? Do not wait for an evangelist. You can do better by yourself. Get one or two of your brethren to assist you. Swap work. Get your church well lighted and well warmed. Have lively song services, and lively addresses, and lively prayers. Have the whole program *lively*, serious, cheerful, intense, *in the spirit*, and leave the rest to God. You and God, with your "faithful few," can work wonders. The people want fire, life, truth. Their souls hunger for these things. T. F. J.

Bangor District

Patten. — Rev. M. F. Bridgham is always struggling against a bit of ill health, and yet he reported at the quarterly conference: "I have been in 210 homes this year." A most excellent spirit prevails. Some have asked the prayers of God's people. The Sunday-school is steadily increasing. New outside windows have been put on the parsonage.

Sherman. — The quarterly visit found Rev. S. A. Prince in good spirits and steadily carrying forward the work. How utter must be one's devotion to the cause of Christ to carry cheerfully and earnestly our scattered work!

Smyrna Mills. — Rev. Albert Hartt has been enjoying his work unusually of late, and a serious spirit pervades the congregation, which ought to result in a revival. Two have recently asked prayers.

Monticello. — A visit to this place and church is always a pleasure to the elder. A service on Saturday evening and three on Sunday made at least a busy visit. Rev. B. W. Russell is constantly pushing the battle, persistently visiting his people, and the work ought to prosper at his hands. The aged parents of the late Rev. U. G. Lyons were in attendance upon all the services.

Mars Hill. — A storm nearly always arrives at this place at the time of an appointment, and this was not an exception. At the close of the preaching service an unusually large quarterly conference assembled for the transaction of the business. The finances are in remarkably good condition. The pastor's claim is nearly paid to date. Steps are being taken to raise the final $100 due on the church. A committee on parsonage was appointed, and steps will be taken at once looking toward the erection of a home for the pastor. One man has said, "You may have all the lumber you will cut." This is too good an opportunity to be lost. At least lumber enough will be secured this winter for the building. A Junior League has recently been organized, with good attendance and fine promise. Pastor Pierce, cumbered with many other cares, is doing his best for the work.

South Presque Isle. — Pastor Smith is working with great faithfulness for the interests of this charge. Evangelist Shaver has been working at South Presque Isle, and began a series of meetings in union of all the churches in Presque Isle, Nov. 29. Mr. Shaver is proving himself an efficient man.

Limestone. — Rev. C. L. Hatch continues to be held in high esteem by his people, and is putting the best of himself into the interests of the work. Mrs. Hatch was recently given a beautiful present by the L. J. L., with which she has worked with success.

Fort Fairfield. — It was the elder's good fortune to be at the parsonage, Nov. 26, when in the evening a Thanksgiving reception was held by the church. The house was filled with the members and parishioners of the church. A pleasant social hour was passed, followed by a short entertainment of music, songs, and readings. To close the program the pastor stated that there still remained a debt of about $140 on the parsonage, and it would be pleasing if the people would render a little thanksgiving by marching by a certain table and depositing their gifts in a plate put there. When the marching ceased, and the gifts were counted, $117 were given. While the pastor was trying to bring the exercises to a close with a prayer by the elder, who was strangely dilatory, Mr. J. W. Plumer walked into the room with an elegant fur coat for the pastor and a beautiful fur for the pastor's wife, and presented them in the name of the society. All departments of the church are active, and the finances are in unusually good condition. The year ought to close prosperously. Several are soon to be received on probation.

Caribou. — A good congregation faced the elder on Sunday evening, Nov. 29. Excellent music was furnished by the choir, a duet by Messrs. Ellingwood and Page being especially worthy of mention. The spiritual interest is excellent. Finances are up to date in every respect. Several have begun the Christian life.

South Caribou. — A deeply spiritual service was enjoyed here. As we gathered about the Lord's table we felt indeed, "It is good to be here."

Washburn. — The quarterly visit was an occasion of blessing and encouragement. In the afternoon a helpful social service was enjoyed. The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Duncan was baptized by the elder. The quarterly conference showed encouraging reports of the work on all sides. The finances were in an especially good condition. At the close of the evening service 2 were received into full connection. The work is constantly strengthening. The church is just now in great sorrow over the sudden death of Mrs. Bugbee. A company of people recently came and took possession of the parsonage, leaving when they went away a barrel of flour and other substantial tokens of their love for the pastor.

Mapleton. — The third quarterly visit was a delightful one. C. S. Otto, who came a couple of months ago to finish out the year, is proving the right man. A good interest prevails. The elder baptized 2 and some are to come into the church. The people here also anticipated Christmas by presenting the pastor a fine, comfortable fur coat.

Easton. — A full yet delightful Sunday was spent here. The elder preached Saturday evening, and three times on Sunday. Special union services were recently held at Sprague's Mills. Five were received on probation at the Mills, and 2 on probation, 2 in full, and 1 baptized, at the Centre. May such occasions be multiplied!

BRIGGS.

Bucksport District.

Sullivan. — Since our last visit, Col. Cozens has had a second campaign, with good results. A fine group of young people have been reached, together with some of their parents. We were urged to tarry; and the work was so heartily in keeping with what we are working and praying for, on the district, that we gave up our Thanksgiving visit at home and stayed. We were well repaid in what we saw and heard. Souls continue to come to Christ. Rev. O. G Barnard and Sullivan people are happy.

Surry and *East Blue Hill.* — Rev. J. D. McGraw came to Ellsworth for us. Upon arriving at Surry we found that the old apology of a barn had given place to a "brand new" one, costing about $250, and, best of all, the "bills are all paid." We got supper, then pushed on to East Blue Hill in a snowstorm. We had a precious service, however, concluding with the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Our second night on this charge was put in at Surry village — a delightful service. Mr. McGraw's son, Sanford, has lately taken a wife — one of the choice daughters of the church — Miss Florence Wood. Several adjoining points are asking for some preaching service. Oh, for more real local preachers in East Maine!

General. — On account of the early convening of our Annual Conference we were obliged to ask some of our pastors to help us out on the third quarterly. We were sorry to trouble them — busy men — but the kindly way in which they responded and attended to the work, sending in reports and collections, turned it into a joy. We will cull items from their reports next week. FRANK LESLIE.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

Caused the death of Doctor Bright. Bright's Disease is simply slow congestion of the Kidneys. In the last stage the congestion becomes acute and the victim lives a few hours or a few days, but is past saving. This insidious Kidney trouble is caused by sluggish, torpid, congested liver and slow, constipated bowels, whereby the Kidneys are involved and ruined.

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NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston District

Boston Preachers' Meeting.—On account of the illness of Rev. John Brant, D. D., who was to address the meeting, Rev. C. A. Crane, D. D., of People's Temple, kindly consented to speak upon the question of the saloon and those who are responsible for it. He made an earnest and very impressive address, putting the sole responsibility back upon the voter. Rev. Dr. C. M. Mead was introduced and spoke briefly. Dr. Alexander McKenzie will address the meeting next Monday morning.

Cambridge District

Somerville, Flint St.—The third quarterly conference was held Dec. 10. It has been the custom for years for the members to invite their wives to this meeting. There were about thirty present in all. Lunch was served by the ladies. Reports from all departments were very encouraging. Over $4,000 has already been paid to the bank on the mortgage note. The church treasurer's report showed the finances to be in a very encouraging condition. The Ladies' Aid Society, the Epworth League, and Sunday-school have done heroic work for the year and a half past. By a unanimous vote (ladies voting) the return for a third year of the pastor, Rev. Philip L. Frick, was requested.

Lynn District

Chelsea, Mt. Bellingham.—This church has been undergoing some much-needed improvements on its exterior—painting and repairing—costing approximately $800. At the last communion 5 were received by letter, 3 on probation, and 2 were baptized. The third quarterly conference was held last week, at which time the pastor, Rev. A. H. Nazarian, was invited unanimously to return for the third year.

Springfield District

Appleton St., Holyoke.—Two weeks of revival services have been held, in which the pastor, Rev. J. P. Kennedy, was assisted by Miss Frost and Miss Simpson. Miss Frost's preaching was trenchant and effective, while the singing of Miss Simpson lent delight and impressiveness to every service. The church has been greatly quickened, and there were several conversions, 10 being received on probation, Dec. 6. Mr. Kennedy preached the Thanksgiving Day sermon at the union services held at the Second Congregational Church. There were fully 700 persons in attendance, and the preacher was highly complimented for his most excellent sermon. F. M. E.

W. H. M. S.—The Boston District Society convened at Bethany Church, Roslindale, Nov. 10. Sessions were at 10.30 and 2, with the president, Mrs. E. L. Farr, in the chair. The devotional exercises were led by Mrs. G. F. Durgin. Cordial words of greeting were spoken by Miss Ruth Benwell, and a fitting response made by Mrs. Silas Peirce. Music was furnished by the ladies of Bethany Church. The treasurer and the corresponding secretary reported, and the reports from auxiliaries were encouraging. Mrs. G. F. Kellogg reported for *Woman's Home Missions*. A very helpful exercise was led by Miss Smith. A bountiful lunch was served at 12.30 in the dining-room and a delightful social hour enjoyed.

The devotional service in the afternoon was led by Mrs. G. F. Durgin. All listened with pleasure to a solo by Mrs. Godding. Upon the arrival of Mrs. Floyd, who had been eagerly expected all day, the ladies rose and gave the Chautauqua salute. Mrs. D. F. Barber spoke briefly on supplies, and Mrs. E. L. Hyde made an appeal for the periodical work. Mrs. Senter spoke on the great need of young people's work. Mrs. Floyd gave a report of the General Executive meeting held in Chattanooga. Mrs. Stanwood read a "Quiz on Papers." Resolutions were presented, and the meeting adjourned at 4.15.

GRACE D. MCDOWELL, Rec. Sec.

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Boston Wesleyan Association

Continued from page 1597

Southern Conference, said: The editor makes bricks without straw—he should have more money. The $1,500 voted to the Conferences should be spent on the paper. He did not see how the editor could stand it with such a financial burden on him. He would have less of those long editorials in large type for the presiding elders, and more on live topics, like the recent one on "John Mitchell and Organized Labor." Timelessness is everything in literature, but timeliness is everything in the newspaper. He would have more sociological articles and less theological. The Book Table could be improved—less space given to many books, and more to the more important volumes.

Rev. H. L. Wriston, of the New England Conference, said that the influence of the HERALD did not depend upon the size of its subscription list; that it was a tremendous influence throughout the whole connection. It is no more reasonable to expect the HERALD to pay dividends than to expect Boston University to do it. It is true, as the editor says, that the local patronage of the paper must be limited. In Springfield our people affiliate more with New York than with Boston. Recently 110 persons had joined his church, coming mainly from New York, and their whole interest led them that way. He wished the $1,500 voted to the Conferences could be put into the paper. The churches should provide the money to relieve the superannuates.

Rev. D. B. Holt, of the Maine Conference, said that he appreciated the HERALD, and his Conference did, also; that he rarely heard a criticism in his Conference. He commended the Outlook, the Sunday-school Notes as the best published, and especially the selections of "Thoughts for the Thoughtful;" he did not approve the brother's suggestion that the theological discussions should be omitted; he did not care for the illustrations, and could not see why the portrait of the minister and a cut of a renovated church should take the space in the paper; he believed it could be put to better use. He did not like the commission paid on the paper, and wished that it could be taken off.

J. W. Church, layman, of the same Conference, said that Mr. Holt had fully expressed his views.

Rev. C. F. Partridge, of Vermont, claimed that the editor belonged to his Conference, as he was born in the Green Mountain State and began his ministerial work there. He had been an editor himself, and had learned that every individual thought he could do the work of the editor better than the editor himself. He did not want the paper popularized; it should be lifted up, not lowered. As a practical printer he would not use so many illustrations unless better paper could be afforded, and he would not devote so much space to voluminous and often belated church news. The editor must be given a rest; he cannot stand the work he is doing. Send him on a vacation.

Rev. Edgar Blake, of the New Hampshire Conference, admired the editor's independent spirit and purpose, especially in dealing with Biblical criticism. He would not have theological truths veiled; he resented attempts to interfere with the editorial direction of the HERALD from any and every source. He did not believe in making the paper for the average reader. He would be glad to see the HERALD assume more decided leadership in our pressing local needs in New England. Our greatest lack is proper leadership. We may as well recognize the fact, which the editor has stated, that New England has become missionary ground, and that Protestantism is here contending with tremendous odds. We have too many churches, and consolidation should take place in many cities and towns. Our general superintendency has lost its efficiency.

Rev. J. M. Durrell, presiding elder of Dover District, New Hampshire Conference, speaking briefly for the presiding elders present, said that if we were to have the ideal ZION'S HERALD suggested, we must endow it; but until the editor had more money and more editorial help, we must be content with the grand paper we are receiving. The only thing for us to do is to boom the paper as it is. He presented it at every quarterly conference which he held.

Rev. Dr. A. S. Ladd, of Augusta District, Maine Conference, also speaking briefly for the presiding elders, said that he had known and read the HERALD from early manhood, that he believed in it, and helped always to circulate it. It could be criticised. There are spots on it, as there are on the sun; but, take it as a whole, he was proud of it, and he boomed it everywhere.

This closed the speaking, and Rev. Dillon Bronson, of St. Mark's Church, Brookline, pronounced the benediction.

CHURCH REGISTER

N. E. METHODIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—The next regular meeting of this Society will be held in Room 4, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, on Monday next, Dec. 21, at 2.30 p. m. The directors will please meet at 2 o'clock.

JOSEPH H. MANSFIELD, Secretary.

W. F. M. S.—Miss Mary A. Danforth, missionary from Japan, is engaged for itinerary service during January. For dates please apply at once to ITINERARY COMMITTEE, 36 Bromfield St., Room 16.

Marriages

STARR—RICH—In Orland, Me., Dec. 7, by Rev. M. S. Preble, Charles M. Starr and Jennie Louise Rich, both of Orland.

BRAWN—HOWARD—In East Guilford, Me., Dec. 9, at the home of the bride, by Rev. H. W. Norton, of Dover, Me., Gorham A. Brawn and Mary E. Howard, both of Guilford.

ANDERSON—GARRETT—In West Berkshire, Vt., Dec. 9, by Rev. A. W. Ford, Robert S. Anderson, of Richford, and Mary A. Garrett, of Franklin.

WESCOTT—KELLEY—At the Methodist Episcopal parsonage in Kezar Falls, Me., Nov. 25, by Rev. H. A. Peare, Oliver Frank Wescott and Annie Maria Kelley, both of Kezar Falls.

DURGIN—PERKINS—At Kezar Falls, Me., Dec. 8, by Rev. H. A. Peare, Cyrus L. Durgin, of Kezar Falls, and Mrs. Elizabeth Perkins, of Brownfield, Me.

URGENT NEED.—The Deaconess Home Emergency Fund needs to be replenished before Christmas, for there are many poor families who will not be remembered unless the deaconesses have means provided them by which to do it. In your Christmas giving please remember this, and send in your contribution soon.

JOSEPHINE S. FISK,
693 Massachusetts Ave.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RAILROAD RATES.—In view of the fact that the Traffic Association has recently made a round trip of $62.50 from Chicago and common points West to the Pacific Coast, we are authorized to state that this rate does not conflict nor set aside the round-trip rate of $50, previously made, for any one who desires to come to Los Angeles to attend the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held next May.

H. W. BRODBECK,
Chairman Local R. R. Committee,
Los Angeles, Cal.

NOTICE.—The letters sent out by Hitchcock Chapter Epworth League are *bona fide* and worthy of attention.

(Signed) CELIA KING,
Sec. Hitchcock Chapter, Colrain Charge,
Springfield Dist.

OBITUARIES

Well is it with the loved ones who have left us,
For they have crossed the boundary outlined
'Twixt loss and gain, pain and unmingled pleasure,
Base metal and the gold seven times refined.

They sought a better country — and have found it;
Cherished high hopes — and their fruition see;
Stored not on earth, but kept in heaven rich treasure
Which will their own to everlasting be.

Serene they passed through this world's tribulations;
Still gazing skyward though stars ceased to shine,
Yet pressing on, when faint, their human weakness,
Leaning for aid upon the strength Divine.

Worthy were they! O, may we walk as worthy
Of our high calling! and like them attain
To that blest bourne where is no pang of sorrow,
But joy unmixed doth in all hearts remain.

So shall we see again their smiling faces;
So their eyes meet our own in love's long gaze;
Their hands grasp ours in greeting — while our voices
Ring out with theirs in heaven's glad hymn of praise.

— *Amy Parkinson.*

Mallalieu. — Miss Eliza M. Mallalieu, daughter of John and Lydia (Emerson) Mallalieu, was born in Sutton, Worcester County, Mass., Dec. 6, 1826, and died in Millbury, Mass., Nov. 27, 1903.

She passed suddenly from earth to her heavenly rest, though for several months there had been premonitions that the end of life's journey would soon be reached, and that its close would come without special intimation. From early life to its close she was a faithful, consistent, and loyal follower of the Lord Jesus. She had a brave, steadfast nature, and in holy trust she bore life's burdens, performed its duties, and shared its joys. She was a friend of the humblest and the poorest, and with loving, sympathetic words and ever-helpful hands she ministered to the needs of those who else would be compelled in loneliness and sorrow to walk the rough ways of life alone. She was a model of sisterly affection to each and all of her four sisters and five brothers. In this relation she ever exerted a most benign and gracious influence. No one of the six who survive her can ever forget her constant and judicious counsels and encouragement.

As a daughter she was most exemplary. Remaining at home after the other children had made homes for themselves, the care of her aged parents for many years, even to the close of their long life, devolved upon her. No more faithful, no more loving service ever rendered to aged parents by any child could exceed that of hers. Hers indeed was a life of Christ-like service; and, leaving only pleasant memories in the hearts of all who knew her, she finds her eternal home in the ranks of the redeemed in glory.

Pierce. — Born in the home of an honored Methodist preacher in Gilmanton, New Hampshire, when that State was a part of the New England Conference, trained in the primitive gospel faith of the fathers, a Christian from childhood, in early life a member of the Bromfield St. Church choir and Sunday-school, where she first met Charles W. Pierce, who afterwards became her husband, is, in brief, the story of the early life of Mrs. Mary Fletcher (Horton) Pierce.

During subsequent years she lived a devoted Christian life. She was a woman of dignified bearing, but with a heart of utmost compassion, that was quick to respond to every form of distress and suffering. She gave generously, but without ostentation, to churches, educational institutions, missionary enterprises, and to other public and private charities. She was a sincere and stanch friend, a faithful and loving sister, a devoted and loyal wife, and a most affectionate and wise mother. There were six children, four of whom survive to mourn their loss.

There was much of interest in her closing hours. The daily Scripture lesson, the voice of prayer, and sacred songs, always her delight, never were sweeter to her than during the several weeks of her final sickness. Though enjoying every possible comfort in her delightful summer home in Stanstead, Canada, surrounded by the members of her family, who ministered to her with the utmost tenderness, yet she was anxious to go to the family of God, which she confidently believed was within hailing distance. She died, Nov. 17, 1903, in a sleep as quiet as that of childhood.

The funeral services, held in the Methodist Church, Stanstead, two days later, were attended by a large congregation, the American and English flags being half-masted on the Stanstead Wesleyan College buildings, to which she had been a liberal donor. There were many other evidences of the sincere respect in which she had been held by the people of that northern home.

On Saturday morning, Nov. 21, in the chapel of Mount Auburn Cemetery, the place of interment, there was a brief funeral service attended by her Boston friends.

The family, especially the youngest daughter, who has devoted her life to the care and companionship of her mother since the father's death, have the heartfelt sympathy of a wide circle of friends. L. T. TOWNSEND.

Lester. — Mrs. Etta Louisa Lester, wife of Mr. James Lester, of Highlandville, Mass., and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Gorse, entered into this life, May 17, 1870, and into the life immortal, Oct. 14, 1903.

Always surrounded by Christian influences, she early in life manifested her interest in spiritual things. When eight years old she and her brother sang together, in public, the duet, "Praise the Lord." Ever after, she was depended upon by the church when music was required. She entered the home choir when twelve years of age, and was a member until her death, excepting four years, when she sang in the Bromfield St. Church choir. She was also a member of the Handel and Haydn Society for six years.

Although always interested in the church, she did not have the assurance of her salvation through Christ and her acceptance as a member of the household of faith until her sixteenth year, when she confessed her faith and became a member on probation. The year following, in company with her older sister, Mrs. Littlehale, and her younger sister, Miss Annie, she united with the church in full membership. And it was a membership always full of good works. She did not excuse herself from other lines of church work because she gave so much time and energy to the choir. From its beginning she was an active member of the Christian Endeavor Society. She was always on the Look-out committee. One term she was president. A constant attendant at the devotional meetings, her voice was heard in song, prayer, praise, and exhortation. In her last testimony in Endeavor meeting she said: "I want to live such a life that, when my time comes to die, I shall be ready." Little did she realize that it was so near! But when it came, she said: "It will be all right." She was ready.

The year before she was converted, her work began in the Bible school as teacher of the kindergarten department. This position she held for a number of years, and then took charge of a class of young ladies, and continued to be their teacher until within a few months of her decease. At the time she felt compelled to commit her trust to other hands, for a season at least, it was the largest class in the school, and during the past two years she had had the joy of seeing a number of its members join the church.

The attachment between herself and husband began when children at school together. It strengthened with years, ripened into love, and finally was consummated when, on June 26, 1901, before a church full of admiring friends, Dr. W. T. Perrin pronounced them man and wife, and they began their beautiful life together. What a shock, therefore, to the community, as well as to the church and family, when it was announced that she had left her earthly for her heavenly home. The 14th and 15th chapters of John were favorites with her, and their blessed assurances had been topics of conversation between herself and husband, the Sunday before she was called to test them to the uttermost, on Wednesday.

The funeral was held at the home, where for a

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little more than two years she had been so happy. There was not room within the house for all who came to weep with those who wept. The casket was hidden by the floral offerings. Her well-worn Bible was open at the promise that she had found so assuring the Sabbath before. The writer and her pastor, Rev. Garrett Beekman, offered the best they could words of appreciation, consolation, and hope, and her body was returned to dust in the beautiful Nehoiden Cemetery, Needham.

By her death her husband, father and mother, and family are sadly bereaved; but in the memory of her helpful, hopeful Christian life, and the consolations of the Gospel they are greatly blessed. In the church and community remembrance of her will long be as ointment poured forth.

JOSEPH H. TOMPSON.

Webster. — Mrs. Mary H. Webster was born in Methuen, Mass., Sept. 15, 1842, and died in Newport, N. H., Nov. 23, 1903.

At the early age of sixteen, under the labors of Rev. R. R. Meredith, at Haverhill, Mass., she was soundly converted, and immediately united with the Methodist Episcopal Church of that city. During all these forty-five years she exhibited the spirit of her Master in the home, society, and church. For twenty-five years she and her family made their home in Stoneham, Mass., where she was much respected by all who knew her. She had been connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Newport, N. H., only a few months, and her ill health prevented her from taking part in the work of the church. But the influence of her Christian life has left its impress on all who knew her.

She leaves one sister, Carrie Stoddard, of Kensington, N. H.; one son, Willard K., of Newport, N. H.; and a devoted and loving husband, to mourn their loss.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, Nov. 25, at her late home in Newport, her pastor speaking the words of consolation. The remains were taken to Methuen, Mass., for interment.

WM. THOMPSON.

Rowell. — Mr. Albert Rowell was born in Weare, N. H., Nov. 10, 1827, and died in Newport, N. H., Nov. 26, 1903.

In 1848 Mr. Rowell became a resident of Newport, N. H., and on Nov. 10, 1853, was united in marriage with Miss Orpha Nettleton, who survives him. He was identified with the business interests of the town, and, being industrious and possessing good judgment, he handled all business with which he was connected in a sensible and judicious manner.

At the early age of sixteen he gave his heart to God, and later united with the Baptist Church of Newport. In 1875 he was received into the Methodist Episcopal Church of the same town. For twenty-three years he was a loyal and efficient member of the board of stewards. For twelve of these years his position as Sunday-school teacher was regarded by him as a call of God, and faithfully did he serve his Master and church in that office. Being endowed with the gift of song, he sang the praises of God in several choirs for forty-four years. The fiftieth anniversary of his marriage occurred sixteen days before his departure to the "glory land," and many friends called on him during the afternoon and evening of that day.

He was a constant reader of ZION'S HERALD for many years, keeping in touch with the work of our great Methodism, which he loved. "I must have *that* paper if I can have nothing else," was what he would say when paying his subscription.

Mr. Rowell is survived by his wife and two sons — George, of Claremont, N. H., and Fred E., of Bellows Falls, Vt.; also three brothers — Eben, of Newport, N. H., Hilliard, of Cornish, N. H., and David, in California.

The funeral service was held in the Methodist Church at Newport, N. H., Sunday afternoon. His pastor, assisted by Rev. J. W. Adams, of Methuen, a former pastor, spoke words of consolation to the mourning friends and family.

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Boston Methodist Social Union

The December meeting of the Union, which was "Sunday-school Night," was held in Lorimer Hall on Monday evening, President Geo. F. Washburn presiding. The guests were Rev. M. C. Hazard, D. D., editor of the Congregational *Sunday School Helper*; Rev. Thomas B. Neely, D. D., corresponding secretary of the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Rev. Jesse L. Hurlbut, D. D., formerly secretary of the Sunday School Union; R. R. Doherty, Ph. D., recording secretary of the Sunday School Union; Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D. D., of Auburndale; Hon. A. B. McCrillis, of Providence, R. I., and Bishop Mallalieu.

A reception to the guests was held in Gilbert Hall before the banquet was served. Grace was invoked by Rev. C. E. Spaulding, of Fitchburg, and after the dinner Rev. Dr. F. N. Peloubet offered prayer. A number of persons were elected members. During the evening Mr. Frederick A. Varney rendered several very acceptable solos.

President Washburn, in introducing Bishop Mallalieu, who was requested to welcome the other guests, said it was his kindly spirit which most affected his own life. He thanked God for the influence of the Bishop for good as a pastor, author and Bishop. "Our Bishop has been true to the highest ideals and traditions of the Methodist Church. His friends are legion and rejoice that he has lived to do so much good and to celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday, as he did on last Friday." The Chautauqua salute was given to the Bishop, after which he said, in part: These kind words awaken a thousand pleasant memories. These guests are among the most distinguished for their works and influence. Seventeen millions of children are gathered in the Sunday-schools of this land. A large proportion are gathered under the influence of these men sitting here. Their opportunities are large, and none but God can measure the blessing which their work brings. May we bring this great land to the feet of Christ!

President Washburn said: The denominations are constantly working closer together, and it gives us pleasure to have one identified with the Congregational work to greet our speakers from other States. Dr. Hazard said he was much at home in this assembly. It may be in part because when a boy he attended two Methodist Sunday-schools. It is true our churches are getting together. You have furnished for us some excellent pastors. In some places churches of different denominations have been united. Our denominations have united in publishing books which are of mutual interest to all at greatly reduced prices. We can follow this practice still further. Our Sunday-school editors have always worked in harmony. It has been my pleasure to know and honor the men who have been prominent in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The most important task in the church is put in the hands of the Sunday-school editors. We have not yet realized what can be done for the child. We are depending more and more on the Sunday-school to add to the membership of our churches. Statistics show that most of conversions come between fourteen and twenty, and most conversions must come before twenty, if they come at all.

Dr. Neely, upon being introduced, was warmly received and made a pertinent and forcible speech, saying, in part:

The greatest institution of the church is the Sunday-school. The Sunday-school is not the church, and is not a substitute for the church, but it is a most important agency of the church. Of all the organizations instituted by the church the Sunday-school has made the greatest progress. While the Sunday-school may be criticised in some particulars, it should not be forgotten that no institution of the church has shown such marked improvement, especially in late years. That there is room for further improvement every intelligent friend of the Sunday-school will freely admit; but that does not commit him to the adoption of every fad and foolish notion that may be urged upon his attention.

The Sunday-school is a school, and can be made more of a school, but it is absurd to expect the same pedagogical results in the Sunday-school that may be demanded in public or other secular schools, for the conditions are very different. The studies for the Sunday-school do and should attract attention. As a school it has a text-book, and its text book is the Bible. A fundamental question, therefore, is how to get the most out of this text book in the Sunday-school. Before answering this question several facts must be considered: For example, the nature of the text-book, the nature of the school in which it is to be studied, the qualifications of those who are to teach its contents, the capacity of those who are to be taught, the length of the lesson-period in the Sunday school session, and the probable time the pupils can or will give to the study.

This inquiry will show that the Bible is different from, and cannot be treated like, ordinary text-books; that its object is moral and religious, and that the object of the Sunday-school is moral and religious; and, consequently, that any use of the Bible which will produce good moral and religious results in the Sunday-school is a good use. Further, it will be evident that the brevity of the time, and the average capabilities of teachers and pupils, will necessitate the taking of selected portions of the Holy Scriptures in constructing a course of study for the Sunday-school, for it will not be possible to cover the entire Bible. Then this course should be short enough to be repeated three or four times between childhood and the earlier years of manhood and womanhood, so that the pupil may restudy the same passages with the greater mental power, increased knowledge, and riper experience of his developing life, for one study of a passage is not enough. That is one great advantage of what is called the Uniform Lesson System.

Besides this the Uniform Lesson System has many other advantages. Thus it makes the whole school, the entire family, and the community think about the same selection of Scripture at the same time. It makes different denominations think at the same time about the same part of God's Word, and so tends to oneness of spirit in the body of believers. As a practical advantage it facilitates the production of the best lesson-helps at the lowest possible price, whereas, if there was a different passage of Scripture for each separate grade in the school, the production of lesson-helps would be so expensive that thousands of schools would not be able to purchase the literature.

The Uniform System, however, does not mean the same study for every one in the school, but the same passage of Scripture for all who can read, while there is a different study of the passage for each grade in the school. In other words, each grade has its separate lesson, though based on the same passage. Hence it would be more strictly accurate to speak of the Uniform Passage, rather than the Uniform Lesson.

Some have criticised the Uniform System and have held it responsible for poor results; but they misiocate the difficulty, for the trouble is not with the passages of Scripture, but with the inadequate teaching and insufficient study. Any system would fail if it was neither taught nor studied. Where the Uniform System has been well studied and faithfully taught, there have been splendid results. The Uniform System is the best practical system for the actual Sunday-school. It is more generally used than ever before, it is being better worked and is producing better results, and ninety-nine per cent. of the Sunday-schools are more than satisfied with the system and would strenuously resist its displacement and the substitution of anything else.

We stand for the Uniform System as the best for the Sunday-school as it is today, but we stand for more. In addition, we favor a series of short General Lessons about the Bible, which, beginning with a few simple facts in the primary department, will go on consecutively through the intervening grades into the advanced school, where very thorough work may be done, and through the General Lessons the problem of advanced lessons be solved. The General Lesson need not occupy more than eight or ten minutes of the lesson period, and should be followed by the uniform lesson for at least thirty minutes. Then through the Uniform System we will have a textual study of the Scriptures, while the General Lessons will give a topical study of the Bible, and thus we will have in this combined method a system that will meet all reasonable criticism and produce the best possible results.

Hon. A. B. McCrillis told of the Sunday-school pilgrimage to Jerusalem. There have been three World's Sunday-school Conventions — London, 1889; St. Louis, 1893; London, 1898. The fourth is to convene in Jerusalem, April 18, 1904. The convention will be of three days' duration and the object will be to study the Bible on the spot where the chief events described in it took place. Sessions of the convention will be held by sections at Bethlehem, Gethsemane, Calvary, and at the Mount of Olives. Two mammoth tents will be pitched beside the tomb.

Dr. Hurlbut said: It is a very easy thing to say where an institution is a failure. "Any fool can break a window, but it takes a wise man to make one," says the Persian proverb. Set up an ideal, and it is easy to see flaws. Let us rather ask wherein the average Sunday-school is a success: 1. It sets Christians at work, a thing greatly needed. This is a source of great benefit to any individual. It helps to train them and gives them the word of life. The teacher learns more than the scholar. 2. It is doing much to assimilate and Americanize the foreign population. Next to the public school this is a force in this line. 3. It is doing more than any other institution to keep the Bible before the world. It is something to get the Bible before the individual as this school does. 4. It does much in direct evangelization. This was not always so. Now we depend largely on the Sunday-school as the place for winning the triumphs of Christianity.

Dr. Doherty spoke critically on the new education in the Sunday-school. There has been a great industrial revolution in this country during the last one hundred years. Today with greatly increased opportunities we do not find great men turned out as one hundred years ago. This is due to the increased commercial revolution. We put the emphasis now on money, and not on character. They had schools in those early days; but they were largely home schools. No teacher is a true teacher until he knows the child and his life. His home life and his day-school life, all parts of his life, should be known by the teacher.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. M. Shepler.

The Republican National Committee has decided that the National Convention shall be held in Chicago, June 21, 1904.

John R. Proctor, president of the United States Civil Service Commission, and an intimate friend of President Roosevelt, died suddenly in Washington, D. C., last Saturday. He was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and made a record for himself as a stout supporter of civil service reform while occupying for many years the position of State Geologist of Kentucky. During Mr. Proctor's connection with the Civil Service Commission the number of positions subject to the merit system has increased from 43,000 to 120,000.

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